

# THE BOND-MAN:

AN  
ANCIENT STORIE.

The Names of the Actors  
As it hath beene often acted with good

allowance, at the Court of the Lord Chamberlain: By  
the most Excellent Princeesse, the Lady

Elizabeth Her Servants,

By Philip Malingier.



LONDON.

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## ANCIENT STORIES.

## The Names of the Actors.

As it hath beene often acted with good

*Timoleon*, The Generall of *Corinth*.

*Archidamus*, the Princes of *Sparta*.

*Diphilus*, a Senator of *Syracusa*.

*Cleon*, a fat impotent Lord.

*Pisander* (disguis'd) a Gentleman of *Thebes*.

*Leosthenes*, a Gentleman of *Syracusa*, enamour'd of *Cleora*.

*Astus*, a foolish Lover, and the Son of *Cleon*.

*Timagora*, the Son of *Archidamus*.

*Cleora*, Daughter of *Archidamus*.

*Corisca*, a proud wanton Lady, wife to *Cleon*.

*Olimpia*, a rich Widow.

*Statilia*, Sister to *Pisander*, slave to *Cleora*.

*Zanobia*, Slave to *Corisca*.

*Poliphron* (disguis'd) friend to *Pisander*.

*Graculus* } Bondmen.

*Cimbrio* }

*A Taylor*.

**To the Right Honourable, my**  
singular good Lord, **PHILIP** Earle of  
*Montgomery, Knight of the most Noble*  
*Order of the Garter, &c.*

*Right Honourable,*



OW ever I could never arrive at the happiness  
to be made known to your Lordship, yet a  
desire born with me, to make a tender of all  
duties, and service, to the Noble Family of  
the *Hopbarts*, descended to me as an inheri-  
tance from my dead Father, *Philip Massinger*.  
Many yeares he happily spent in the service of your Honoura-  
ble House, and died a servant to it, leaving his, to bee ever  
most glad, and ready, to heat the command of all such, as de-  
rive themselves from his most honour'd Master, your Lord-  
ships Father. The consideration of this, encouraged me (ha-  
ving no other meanes to present my humble service to your  
Honour) to throw this trifle, under the wings of your No-  
ble protection; and I hope out of the clemencie of your Ho-  
roick disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome  
entertainment, yet at the worst a gracious pardon. When it  
was first acted, your Lordships liberall kifsage taught others  
to allow it for excusant, it having received the undoubted stamp  
of your Lordships allowance: and if in the perusal of any  
vacant houre, when your Honours more serious occasions shall  
give you leave to read it, it answer in your Lordships judge-  
ment the report and opinion it had upon the Stage, I shall  
esteem my labors not ill employ'd, and while I live continue

*The humblest of obedientes*  
truly honour your Lordship,

A 2

Philip Massinger.



**THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND TO THE  
READER.**

**T**he Printers have said, I shall not be  
any time past, though I begin at Five  
One hour I have written, and I am enough  
Dances, and other things, you shall find  
On the 1st of October, 1711, I shall be  
The Author of the Poem, which shall be  
To the printer, and shall be sold at  
As little about it, as I can, but my  
Let it be judged, and I shall be  
In his knowledge, and shall be  
Not to be written, or printed, or sold  
And (Reader) if you have difficulty  
To see the matter, I shall be  
To be a large interest, I shall be  
The way, I shall be  
And so, and so, and so, and so  
The Author (in a Christian way) shall be  
Case of your good, and I shall be  
That such as will be, shall be  
May know what they have seen, and shall be  
To be, and so, and so, and so  
(I shall be, and so, and so, and so)  
If you can, I shall be, and so, and so  
Free of the press, and so, and so  
And in the way of Poetry, and so, and so  
Of all that are call'd, and so, and so

W.B.



# The Bond-man.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Timagenes, and Leosthenes.*  
*Timagenes.*

**W**Hy should you droop *Leosthenes*, or depaure  
My Sisters favour? what before you purchas'd  
By Court-ship, and faire language, in these wars  
(For from her soule you know the loves a soldier)

You may deserve by action.  
*Leost.* Good *Timagenes*,  
When I have said my friend; think all is spoken  
That may assure me yours; and pray you believe  
The dreadfull voice of warre that shakes the City  
The thundring threats of *Carthage*; nor their armes  
Rais'd to make good their threats, affright not me.  
If faire *Clodia* were confirm'd his wife,  
That has the strongest arm, and the best sword,  
I would court *Belshazzar* in her house, as trim  
As if she were a Mistress, and blisse Fortune  
That offers my young valour to the proofe.  
How much I dare do for your Sisters love.  
But when that I consider how averie  
Your noble Father great *Arbaces*  
Is, and hath ever been to my desires,  
Reason may warrant me to doubt and pause.  
What seeds forever I sow in these wars  
Of noble courage, this determination will  
May blast, and give my hurvell to another.  
That never told for it.  
*Timag.* Prethee do not nourish  
These jealous thoughts; I am thine (and pardon me

*The Band-man.*

Though I repeat it my *Timagora*)  
That for thy sake when the bold *Theban* in a  
Fare-fam'd *Pisander*, for my Sisters love,  
Sent him disgrac'd, and discontented home,  
I wrought my Father then, and I that stoop not  
In the careere of my affection to thee,  
When that renowned Worthy that brought with him  
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd Advocates  
To mediate for him, never will consent  
A foole that only has the shape of man,  
*Astus*, though he be rich *Cleus* heire,  
Shall beare her from thee. *Enter Pisander.*

*Leof.* In that trust I love.

*Timag.* Which never shall deceive you.

*Pisan.* Sir the Generall

*Timoleon* by his Trumpets hath given warning  
For a remove.

*Timag.* Tis well, provide my Horse.

*Pisan.* I shall Sir.

*Exit Pisander.*

*Leof.* This Slave has a strange aspect.

*Tim.* Fit for his fortune, tis a strong lim'd knave,

My Father bought him for my sisters Litter.

O pride of women! Coaches are too common,

They surfeit in the happinesse of peace,

And Ladies think they keep not state enough,

If for their pomp, and ease, they are not borne

In triumph on mens shoulders.

*Leof.* Who commands

The *Carthaginian* Fleet?

*Timag.* *Gisco's* their admirall,

And tis our happinesse, a raw young fellow,

One never train'd up in arms, but rather fashion'd

To tilt with Ladies lips, than crack a Lance,

Ravish a feather from a Mistris fan,

And weare it as a favour: a Steele helmet

Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack

His womans neck.

*Leof.* No more of him, the motive's

That *Corinth* gives us aid.

*Timag.* The common danger

For

*The Bond-man.*

For Sicily being on fire, she is not safe;  
It being apparent that ambitious *Carthage*,  
That to enlarge her Empire strives to fasten  
An unjust gripe on us (that live free Lords  
Of *Syracusa*) will not end, till *Greece*  
Acknowledge her their Sovereign.  
*Leop.* I am satisfy'd.  
What think you of our General?

*Tima.* He is a man  
Of strange and reserv'd parts; but a great soldier.  
His trumpets call us, I'll forbear his Characters  
To morrow in the Senate house at large  
He will expresse himself.  
*Leop.* I'll follow you.

ACT. I. SC. 2.

*Cleas, Carisca, Graculus.*

*Caris.* Nay good Chuck,

*Cleas.* I have said it; stay at home, I cannot brook with gadding, you are a faire one,  
Beauty invites temptation, and short heels  
Are soon tripp'd up.

*Caris.* Deny me, by my honour  
You take no pity on me, I shall sworne  
As soon as you are absent, ask my man else,  
You know he dares not tell a lie.

*Grac.* Indeed,  
You are no sooner out of sight, but she  
Do's feele strange qualmes, then sends for her young Doctor,  
Who ministers physick to her, on her back,  
Her Ladiship lying as she were intranc'd.  
(I have peep'd in at the key-hole and observ'd them)  
And sure his Portions never faile to work,  
For she is so pleasant in the taking them,  
She tickles again.

*Caris.* And all's to make you merry  
When you come home.  
*Cleas.* You flatter me, I am old,  
And widdome cries beware.

*Caris.*

The Bandman.

*Coris.* Old, Dock to me  
You are young, *Adonis*  
*Grac.* Well said, *Adonis*  
I am sure she *Pulsant* him.  
*Coris.* I will not change this  
For twenty hoistrous young things without beard,  
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,  
And such a sweet dew flower on them, it cures  
My lips without Pomatum; here's a round belly;  
'Tis a downy pillow to my back, I sleep  
So quietly by it; and this tunable nose  
(Faith when you heare it too) affords such music,  
That I curse all night Fiddlers.

*Grac.* This is grosse,  
Not find she flouts him.

*Coris.* As I live I am jealous.

*Cleon.* Jealous of me wife?

*Coris.* Yes, and I have a reason,  
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.

*Cleon.* Hum, hum?

*Grac.* Think you coming again? Night, she will make him  
To think, that like the Stag he has cast his horns,  
And is grown young again.

*Coris.* You have forget what you did in your sleep,  
And when you wak'd call'd for a Cawdle.

*Grac.* 'Twas in his sleep;  
For waking I durst trust my mother with him.

*Coris.* I long to see the man of warre *Cleora*  
*Archidamus* Daughter goes, and rich *Olympia*,  
I will not misse the show.

*Cleon.* There's no contending,  
For this time I am pleas'd, but I le no more on't. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV SCENE I.

*Archidamus, Cleon, Dipilus, Olympia, Coris.*  
*Cleora, Zambis.*

*Archid.* So careless we have been, my noble Lords  
In the disposing of our own affairs;  
And ignorant in the art of government;

That

That now we need a stronger to assist us, so in this  
Yet we are happy that our neighbour *Corsica* would lay  
(Pitying the unjust gripe *Corsica* would lay  
On *Syracusa*) hath vouchsafed to lend us  
Her main of men *Thais* to defend  
Our Country and our liberties.

*Diph.* 'Tis a favour  
We are unworthy of, and we may blush,  
Necessity compells us to receive it.

*Archid.* O *Thais*! that we had a populous nation, of  
Ingrate like *Libra*! made for all blessings, that  
An island can bring forth; we that have limbs  
And able bodies; Shipping, arms, and men;  
The sinews of the warre, now we are call'd  
To stand upon our ground, and produce  
One fit to be our Generall.

*Cleus.* I am old and fat,  
I could say something else.

*Archid.* We must obey  
The time, and our occasions, ruin our buildings  
Whole bases and foundations are broken  
Must use supporters; we are circled round  
With danger, o're our heads with saile-stretch'd wings  
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief  
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us  
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue  
Rous'd up by brave *Timoleon*.

*Cleus.* When arrives he?

*Diph.* He is expected every hour.

*Archid.* The braveries  
Of *Syracusa*, among whom my son  
*Timagoras*, *Leosthenes*, and *Astas*  
(Your hopefull heire Lord *Cleus*) two daies since  
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to  
The City, every minute we expect  
To be blest with his presence.

*Cleus.* What shew's this?

*Diph.* 'Tis seconded with loud musicke.

*Archid.* Which confirms  
His wish'd for entrance. *Loe*us enter'd him

*The Bondman.*

With all respect, solemnity, and pomp, A hero he won fight  
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us  
From slavery, and oppression.

*Clem.* I'll lock up  
My doores, and guard my gold; these Ladies of *Corinth*  
Have nimble fingers, and I feare them more, as y<sup>e</sup> *Corinthians*  
Being within our walls, than those of *Carthage*.  
They are farre off.

*Archid.* And Ladies be in your care  
To welcome him and his followers with all duty:  
For rest resolv'd, their hands and swords must keep you  
In that full height of happinesse you live:  
A dreadfull change else follows.

*Olymp.* We are instructed.  
*Corife.* I'll kisse him for the honour of my Country  
With any she in *Corinth*.

*Olymp.* Were he a Courtier,  
I have sweet meat in my Closet should content him,  
Be his pallat nere so curious.

*Corife.* And if not be  
I have a Couch, and a banquetting house in my Orchard,  
Where many a man of honour has not seem'd  
To spend an afternoon.

*Olim.* These men of war,  
As I have heard, know not to court a Lady,  
They cannot praise our dressings, kisse our hands,  
Vsher us to our Litters, tell love stories,  
Commend our feet, and legs, and so search upwards:  
A sweet becoming boldnesse: they are rough,  
Boistrous and sawcie, and at the first sight  
Ruffle, and towle us, and as they find their stomachs  
Fall roundly to it.

*Corife.* Troth I like em the better,  
I cannot indure to have a perfum'd Sir  
Stand cringing in the hammes, licking his lips  
Like a Spaniel over a Firmitie pot, and yet  
Has not the boldnesse to come on, or offer  
What they know we expect.

*Olymp.* We may commend  
A Gentlemans modesty, manners, and fine language,

His



His singing, dancing, filling of great bottles,  
The wearing of his cloaths, his faire complexion,  
Take presents from him, and extoll his bonney,  
Yet, though he observe, and wait his state upon us,  
If he be stanch, and bid not for the flock  
That we were born to traffick with; the truth is, hoony  
We care not for his company.

*Corise.* Musing *Cleora*?

*Olymp.* She's studying how to entertain these strangers,

And to engrosse them to her selfe  
*Cleora.* No surely,

I will not cheapen any of their wares,  
Till you have made your market; you will buy  
I know at any rate.

*Enter Timag, Leofid, Afar.*

*Corise.* She has given it you.

*Olymp.* No more, they come.

The first kisse for this jeevell  
*Archid.* It is your fear.

Which with a generall suffrage  
As to the supreme Magistrate surely renders,

And praises *Timoleon* to accept.

*Timol.* Such honours

To one ambitious of rule or titles,

Whose heaven on earth is plac'd in his command,

And absolute power on others would wish joy,

And veines swoln high with pride, be entertain'd.

They take not me; for I have ever lov'd

An equall freedome, and proclaim'd all such

As would usurp anothers liberties,

Rebells to nature, to whose bounteous blessings

All men lay claim as true legitimate sonnes;

But such as have made forfeit of themselves

By vicious courses, and their birth-right lost,

Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves,

To serve the vertuous; For my self, I know

Honours and great employments are great burthens,

And must require an *Atlas* to support them.

He that would govern others, first should be

The master of himself, richly indu'd

With depth of Vnderstanding, height of courage,

*The Band-man.*

And those remarkable graces which I dare not  
Ascribe unto my self, nor shall I, to give you all

*Archid.* Sir, empty men are mild, modest, and good;  
Are Trumpets of their own desires; but you  
That are not in opinion, but in proof;  
Really good, and full of glorious parts;  
Leave the report of what you are to fame;  
Which from the ready tongues of all good men  
Aloud proclaims you.

*Dip.* Besides you stand bound,  
Having so large a field to exercise  
Your active virtues offer'd you, to impart  
Your strength to such as need it.

*Timoleon.* 'Tis confessed,  
And since you'll have it so, such as I am, I'll give;  
For you and for the liberty of *Syracuse*,  
I am most ready to lay down my life;  
But yet consider men of *Syracuse*,  
Before that you deliver up the power,  
Which yet is yours, to me, to whom 'tis given  
To an impartial man, with whom no threats,  
Nor prayers shall prevail, for I must steer  
An even course.

*Archid.* Which is desir'd of all.  
*Timol.* *Timophanes* my brother, for whose death  
I am tainted in the world, and sorely wicked;  
In whose remembrance I have ever worn;  
In peace an warre, this livery of sorrow;  
Can witness for me how much I detest  
Tyrannous usurpation; with grief  
I must remember it; for when no persuasion  
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,  
To change the Aristocracy of *Corin*  
Into an absolute Monarchy, I chose rather  
To prove a pious and obedient son  
To my Country my best mother, than to lend  
Assistance to *Timophanes*, though my brother,  
That like a Tyrant strove to set his foot  
Upon the Cities freedom.

*Timag.* 'Twas a deed

Defer-

*The Bond-man.*

Deserving rather trophies, than reproach.

*Leof.* And will be still remembered to your honour,  
If you forsake us not.

*Diph.* If you free *Sicily*  
From barbarous *Carthage* yoke, it will be said  
In him you slew a tyrant.

*Archid.* But giving way  
To her invasion, not vouchsafing us  
(That flee to your protection) aid, and comfort,  
'Twill be believ'd, that for your private ends  
You kill'd a brother.

*Timol.* As I then proceed,  
To all posterity may that act be crown'd  
With a deserv'd applause, or branded with  
The mark of infamy; Stay yet, ere I take  
This feat of justice, or ingage my self  
To fight for you abroad, or to reform  
Your State at home, I swear all upon my sword,  
And call the gods of *Sicily* to witness  
The oath you take; that whatsoever I shall  
Propound for safety of your Common-wealth,  
Not circum-scrib'd or bound in, shall by you  
Be willingly obey'd.

*Archid. Diph. Cleon.* So may we prosper;  
As we obey in all things.

*Timag. Leof. Afo.* And observe  
All your commands as Oracles.

*Timol.* Do not repent it.

*Take the State.*

*Olimp.* He asked not our consent.

*Corife.* He's a clown I warrant him.

*Olimp.* I offered my self twice, and yet the *Chorus*  
Would not salute me.

*Corife.* Let him kiss his Drum,  
I'll save my lips I rest on it.

*Olimp.* He thinks women  
No part of the republicke.

*Corife.* He shall find  
We are a Common-wealth.

*Cleora.* The lesse your honour.

*Timol.* First then a word or two, but without bitterness.

*The Bond-mas.*

(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer)  
Concerning your ill government of the State.  
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich  
Stand in the first file guilty.

*Cleon.* Ha! how's this?

*Timol.* You have not as good Patriots should do, studied  
The publike good, but your particular ends:  
Factions among your selves, preferring such  
To offices and honours, as nee read  
The elements of saving policie,  
But deeply skill'd in all the principles  
That usher to destruction.

*Leof.* Sharp.

*Timag.* The better.

*Timol.* Your Senat house which us'd not to admit  
A man (how ever popular) to stand  
At the Helme of government, whose youth was not  
Made glorious by *Achan*, whose experience  
Crown'd with gray haire, gave warrant to her counsells  
Hand, and receiv'd with reverence is now fill'd  
With green heads that determine of the State  
Over their cups, or when their fated lusts  
Afford them leisure; or supply'd by those  
Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift  
Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom,  
Which is the reason, that to hold a place  
In counsell, which was once esteem'd an honour,  
And a reward for vertue, hath quite lost  
Lustre, and reputation, and is made  
A mercenary purchase.

*Timag.* He speaks home.

*Leof.* And to the purpose.

*Timol.* From whence it proceeds  
That the treasure of the City is ingross'd  
By a few private men, the publike coffers  
Hollow with want, and they that will not spare  
One talent for the common good, to feed  
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume  
In plate, in jewells, and superfluous slaves,  
What would maintain an armie.

*Carise.*

*Cariss.* Have at us, *Olymp.* We thought we were forgot.

*Cleora.* But it appears

You will be treated of.

*Timol.* Yet in this plenty,

And far of peace, your young men ne're were train'd  
In Martiall discipline, and your ships unrigg'd  
Rot in the harbour, nor defence prepar'd,  
But thought unusefull, as if that the gods  
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you  
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,  
Nor change fear'd or expected. Now you find  
That *Carriage* looking on your stupid sleeps,  
And dull security, was invited to  
Invade your Territories.

*Archid.* You have made us see, Sir,

To our shame, the Countries sicknesse: now from you,  
As from a carefull and a wise Physitian,  
We do expect the cure.

*Timol.* Old feigned sores

Must be lanced to the quick and cauteriz'd,  
Which born with patience, after I'll apply  
Soft Vnguents: For the maintenance of the war  
It is decreed all monies in the hand  
Of private men shall instantly be brought  
To the publike Treasure.

*Timag.* This bites sore.

*Cleora.* The cure

Is worse than the disease; I'll never yeeld to it.  
What could the enemy, though victorious,  
Inflit more on us? all that my youth hath toild for,  
Purchas'd with industry, and preserv'd with care,  
Forc'd from me in a moment.

*Diph.* This rough course

Will never be allow'd of.

*Timol.* O Blind men!

If you refuse the first means that is offer'd,  
To give your wealth, no hope's left to recover  
Your desperate sicknesse. Do you prize your muck  
Above your liberties? and rather choose

*The Bond-man.*

To be made Bond-men, then to part with that  
To which already you are slave; nor can it  
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,  
You can capitulate with the Conquerour,  
And keep that yours, which they came to possess;  
And while you stand in vain will vanish from you?  
But take your own waies, brood upon your gold,  
Sacrifice to your idoll, and preserve  
The prey intire, and merit the report  
Of carefull Stewards; yeeld a just account  
To your proud Masters, who with whips of Iron  
Will force you to give up what you conceal,  
Or tear it from your throats; adorn your walls  
With Persian hangings wrought of Gold and Pearle,  
Cover the floores on which they are to tread  
With costly Median silks; perfume the roomes  
With Cassia and Amber, where they are  
To feast and revell, while like servile grooves  
You wait upon their trenchers; feed their eyes  
With massy Plate untill your Cupbords crack  
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your wives  
And daughters in as many vary'd shapes  
As there are Nations, to provoke their lusts,  
And let them be imbrac'd before your eyes,  
The object may content you; and to perfit  
The entertainment, offer up your sonnes,  
And able men for slaves, while you, that are  
Vnfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve  
Vnpittied in some Desart, no friend by,  
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate teare  
In the remembrance of what once you were.

*Leoff.* The blood turns,

*Timar.* Observe how old *Cleas* shakes,  
As if in picture he had shown him what  
He was to suffer.

*Corisc.* I am sick, the man  
Speaks ponyards, and diseases.

*Olimp.* O my Doctor,  
I never shall recover.

*Cleora.* If a Virgin,

Whole



Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with silence,  
 One knowing modestly and humble silence,  
 To be the choicest ornaments of our faces;  
 In the presence of so many reverend men,  
 Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,  
 Presume to cloath her thoughts in vocal sounds,  
 Let her find pardon. First, to you, great Sir,  
 A bashfull Mayds thanks, and her zealous prayers  
 Wing'd with pure innocence, besitting them to heaven  
 For all prosperity, that the gods can give;  
 To one, whose piety must exact their care;  
 Thus low I offer up my thanks and prayer.

*Timel.* 'Tis a happy Omen.

Rise blest one, and speak boldly;  
 I am thy warrant, from so close a prison;  
 Sweet Rivers ever flow.

*Clora.* Then thus to you, my noble Father, and these Lords, to whom  
 My noble Father, and these Lords, to whom  
 I next owe duty, no thanks for forgotten;  
 To you my Brother, and these bold young men,  
 (Such I would have them) that are, or should be  
 The Cities sword and target of defence;  
 To all of you I speak; and if a blush  
 Steale on my cheeks, it is shew to reprove  
 Your paleness, willingly I would not see;  
 Your cowardise, or feare; think you all tremble  
 Hid in the bowells of the earth, or strip-wind  
 In *Neptunes* watry Kingdome, can hold weight;  
 When Liberty and honour fill our hearts;  
 Triumphant lustice sitting on the beam;  
 Or dare you but imagine that your blood is  
 Too deare a salarie for such as this;  
 Their blood, and lives in your defence? For me  
 An ignorant Girle, be a witness heaven so fame,  
 I prize a Souldier, that can give him pay,  
 With such Devotion to our *Flamens* offer  
 Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar;  
 I do lay down these jewels, will make sale  
 Of my superfluous wardrobe to supply  
 The meanest of their wants.

C

*Timel.*

**The Bond-man.**

**Timol.** Brave masculine spirit! We are shown to be slaves, what we in honour

Should have taught others.

**Archid.** Such a fair example

Must needs be followed.

**Timag.** Ever my dear sister,

But n w our Families glory, now or then, is not to be

**Leof.** Were she deformed

The virtue of her mind would force a **Stoick**

To sue to be her servant

**Cleem.** I must yield,

And though my heart bloud part with it, I will no Food and

Deliver in my wealth.

**Afor.** I would say something,

But the truth is, I know not what

**Timol.** We have money,

And men must now be thought on

**Archid.** We can presse

Of Labourers in the Country, men in'd

To cold and heat, any thou find

**Diph.** Or if need be,

In roll of slaves, lusty and able **Varides**

And fit for service.

**Cleem.** They shall go for me,

I will not pay and fight too.

**Cleora.** How! your slaves?

O stain of honour! once more, Sir, your pardon,

And to their shames let me deliver what

I know in justice you may speak.

**Timol.** Most gladly,

I could not wish my thoughts a better organ

Than your tongue to expresse them.

**Cleora.** Are you men?

(For age may qualifie, though not excuse

The backwardnesse of these) able young men?

Yet now your Countries liberty's at the stake,

Honour, and glorious triumph made the garland

For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast

Prepared by Victory of immortall viands,

Not for baie men, but such as with their swords

**Dare**

Dare force admittance, and will be her guests.  
And can you coldly suffer such rewards  
To be propos'd to labourers and slaves?  
While you that are born noble (to whom their  
Valued at their best rate, are next to Horses,  
Or other beasts of carriage) cry ay me,  
Like idle lookers on, till their proud words  
Make them become your Masters?

*Timol.* By my hopes,  
There's fire enough in this to make  
Their fits valiant.

*Cleora.* No; farre, farre be it from you,  
Let those of meaner quality contend,  
Who can indure most labour & plow the earth,  
And think they are rewarded, when their sweat  
Brings home a fruitfull harvest to their Lords;  
Let them prove good artificers, and serve you  
For use and ornament; but not presume  
To touch at what is noble, if you think them  
Unworthy to cast of those Cases you feed on,  
Or wear such costly garments; will you grant them  
The priviledge and prerogative of great minds,  
Which you were born to? Honour won in warre,  
And to be still'd preservers of their Country,  
Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,  
And not for bond-men, had I been born a man,  
And such ne're dying glories made the prize  
To bold Heroike courage, by *Diana*  
I would not to my Brother, nay my Father,  
Be brib'd to part with the least piece of honour  
I should gain in this action.

*Timol.* She's inspir'd,  
Or in her speaks the Genius of your Country,  
To fire your blood in her defence, I am rais'd  
With the imagination. Noble mayd,  
*Timoleon* is your Souldier, and will sweat  
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home  
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear  
Your colours, Lady; and though your full hearts  
That look no further than your outward form,

*The Band-mans*

Are long since buried in me, while I live.  
I am a constant lover of your mind  
That does transcend all accidents.

*Cleora.* 'Tis an honour. *Give her Staff.*  
And so I do receive it.

*Cerise.* Pox upon it,  
She has got the start of us, I could wish burst  
With envie at her fortune.

*Olimp.* A raw young thing,  
We have too much tongue sometimes our husbands say,  
And she out-strips us.

*Leost.* I am for the journey.

*Timag.* May all diseases flesh and luxury bring,  
Fall upon him that stays at home.

*Archid.* Though old  
I will be there in person.

*Diph.* So will I.  
Me thinks I am not what I was, her words  
Have made me younger by a score of years,  
Than I was when I came hither.

*Cleon.* I am still  
Old Cleon, fat and unvalley; I shall never  
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire  
To be excus'd at home.

*Apo.* 'Tis my suit too,  
I am a gristle, and these spider fingers  
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone  
To rule the Slaves at home, I can so yark 'em,  
But in my conscience I shall never prove  
Good Justice in the wars.

*Timol.* Have your desires,  
You would be burthens to us, no way aids,  
Lead fairest to the Temple, first we'll pay  
A sacrifice to the gods for good success.  
For, all great actions the wish'd course do run,  
That are, with their allowance, well begun.

*Pisan.* Stay *Cambrio* and *Gracelo*. *Exeunt all but*  
*Cimb.* The business.

*Pisan.* Meet me to-morrow night near to the Grove  
Neighbouring the East part of the City.

*Grac.*

*Grac.* Well.

*Pisan.* And bring the rest of our conditions with you,  
I have something to impart may break our fetters;  
If you dare second me.

*Cimb.* We'll not fail.

*Grac.* A cart-ropes  
Shall not bind me at home.

*Pisand.* Think on't, and prosper.

*Actus. Scen. II.*

*Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes, with Gorgas.*

*Pisander.*

*Archid.* So, so, 'tis well, how do I look?

*Pisan.* Most sprightly.

*Archid.* I shrink not in the shoulders, though I am old,  
I am tough, Steele to the back, I have not wasted  
My stock of strength in feather-beds: here's an arm too,  
There's stufte in't, and I hope will use a sword  
As well as any beardless boy of you all.

*Timag.* I am glad to see you, Sir, so well prepar'd  
To induce the travails of the warre.

*Archid.* Go to firsh;  
I shall induce, when some of you keep your Cabins,  
For all your flaunting feathers, nay *Leosthenes*  
You are welcome too, all friends and fellows now.

*Leost.* Your servant Sir.

*Archid.* Fish, leave these complements,  
They stinck in a souldiers mouth, I could be merry,  
For now my Gown's off, farwell gravity,  
And must be bold to put a question to you;  
Without offence, I hope.

*Leost.* Sir, what you please.

*Archid.* And you will answer truly?

*Timag.* On our words, Sir.

*Archid.* Go to, then, I presume you will confesse,  
That you are two notorious whore-masters;  
Nay, spare your blushing, I have been wild my self,  
A snatch, or so, for physick, does no harm:  
Nay, it is physick, if us'd moderately,

But to lie at rack and manger.

*Leof.* Say we should grant this,  
For if we should deny it, you'll not believe us,  
What will you inferre upon it?

*Archid.* What you'l groan for,  
I feare, when you come to the test. Old stories tell us  
There is a Month call'd October, which brings in  
Cold weather, there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,  
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,  
In gallants breeds the tooth-ach; there's a sport too,  
Nam'd lying *Perdiu* (do you mark me) 'tis a game,  
Which you must learn to play at now in these seasons,  
And choise variety of exercises,

(Nay I come to you) and fast not for Devotion,  
Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations,  
And in a frosty morning looks as if  
He could with ease creep in a pottle pore  
In stead of his Mistress plackes, then he cures  
The time spent in midnight visitations;  
And finds, what he superfluously parted with,  
To be repaid good, at length, and well breath'd,  
But if retriv'd into his back again.

Would keep him warmer than a Scarlet waist-coat,  
Or an armour lined with furre. O welcome, welcome  
You have cut off my discourse, but I will perfit  
My lecture in the Camp.

*Diph.* Come, we are stay'd for,  
The Generall's a fire for a remove,  
And longs to be in action.

*Archid.* 'Tis my wish too.  
We must part, nay no tears, my best *Cleora*,  
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.  
Millions of blessings on thee, all that's mine,  
I give up to thy charge, and sirrah, look  
You with that care and reverence observe her,  
As you would pay to me; a kisse, farewell *Girl*.

*Diph.* Peace wait upon you, faire one. *Ex. Archid. Diph.*  
*Timag.* 'Twere impertinence

To wish you to be carefull of your Honour,  
That ever keep in pay a Guard about you

Of



*The Band-man.*

Of faithfull vertues: Farwell friend, I leave you  
To wipe our kisses off, I know that Lovers  
Part with more circumstance and ceremony,  
Which I give way to.

*Exit Timas.*

*Leoff.* Tis a noble favour,  
For which, I ever owe you, we are alone,  
But how I should begin, or in what language  
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,  
I am yet to learn.

*Cleora.* And still continue ignorant,  
For: I must be most cruell to my self,  
If I should teach you.

*Leoff.* Yet it must be spoken,  
Or you will chide my slacknesse, you have fix'd me  
With the heat of noble action to deserve you,  
And the least spark of honour, that tooke life  
From your sweet breath, still fam'd by it, and cherish'd,  
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I  
Am much unworthy.

*Cleora.* May it not burn here,  
And as a Sea-mark serve to guide true Lovers  
(Toft on the Ocean of luxurions wishes)  
Safe from the rocks of lust into the harbour  
Of pure affection? rising up an example,  
Which after times shall witnesse to our glory,  
First took from us beginning.

*Leoff.* Tis a happinesse,  
My duty to my Countrey, and mine Honour  
Cannot consent to, besides, adde to these,  
It was our pleasure, fortify'd by perswasion,  
And strength of reason, for the generall good,  
That I should go. *Cleora.* Alas, I then was witty  
To plead against my self, and mine eye fix'd  
Vpon the hill of Honour, we're descended  
To look into the vale of certain dangers,  
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.

*Leoff.* I'll stay at home then.

*Cleora.* No, that must not be,  
For so to serve my own ends, and to gain  
A petty wreath my self, I rob you of

*The Band-man.*

A certain triumph, which must fall upon you.  
Or Venus turn'd a hand-maid to blind fortune.  
How is my soule divided! to confirm you  
In the opinion of the world, most worthy  
To be belov'd (with me you are at the height,  
And can advance no further.) I must lend you  
To court the goddess of these wars, who if  
She see you with my eyes, will ne'r return you,  
But grow enamour'd of you.

*Leoff.* Sweet, take comfort;  
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me.  
Or I am wretched; all the dangers, that  
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;  
My enemies abroad to be contem'd;  
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,  
I leave at home with you.

*Clear.* VVith me?

*Leoff.* Nay, in you,  
In every part about you, they are arm'd  
To fight against me.

*Clear.* VVhere?

*Leoff.* Ther's no perfection  
That you are Mistress of, but numbers up  
A Legion against me, and all sworn  
To my destruction.

*Clear.* This is strange

*Leoff.* But true, sweet,

Excesse of love can work such miracles,  
Vpon this Ivory forehead are intrench'd  
Ten thousand rivalls, and these Sunnes command  
Supplies from all the world, no pain to forfeit.  
Their comfortable beames; these Ruby lips,  
A rich Exchequer to assure their pay;  
This hand, *Sibilla's* golden bough to guard them  
Through hell, and horror, to the *Elysian* springs;  
VVhich who'l not venture for? and should I name  
Such as the vertues of your mind invite,  
Their numbers would be infinite.

*Clear.* Can you think  
I may be tempted?

*Leoff.*

*Loof.* You were never prov'd. — nor impos'd blood I  
For me I have convers'd with your father, *liw. Arvd*  
Then would become a Brother, *liw. Arvd*  
Loof Notes to your chaste eares; or brought rich presents  
For my Artillery, to batter downe *liw. Arvd*  
The fortresse of your honour; nor endow'd *liw. Arvd*  
To make your blood runne high at solemn Feasts *liw. Arvd*  
With Viands, that provoke (the speeding Philtres) *liw. Arvd*  
I would no bands to tempt you, never practis'd *liw. Arvd*  
The cunning, and corrupting Arts they studie *liw. Arvd*  
That wander in the wilde Mann of Idleness *liw. Arvd*  
Honest Simplicities and Truth were all *liw. Arvd*  
The Agents I employ'd, and when I came *liw. Arvd*  
To see you, it was with this reverence *liw. Arvd*  
As I beheld the Altar of the gods *liw. Arvd*  
And love that came along with me, was rang'd *liw. Arvd*  
To leave his Arrowes, and his Torch behind, *liw. Arvd*  
Quench'd in my feare to give offence. *liw. Arvd*

*Cleora.* And thus I have receiv'd your love, *liw. Arvd*  
That modesty thatooke me, and preserves me, *liw. Arvd*  
Like a fresh Rose, in mine owne naturall sweetnesse, *liw. Arvd*  
Which full'd with the touch of impure hands, *liw. Arvd*  
Loof both sent and beauty. *liw. Arvd*

*Loof.* But, *Cleora,* *liw. Arvd*  
When I am absent, as I must go from you, *liw. Arvd*  
(Such is the cruelty my fate) and leave you *liw. Arvd*  
Vnguarded, to the violent assaults *liw. Arvd*  
Of loose temptations; when the memory *liw. Arvd*  
Of my so many yeares of Love, and service, *liw. Arvd*  
Is lost in other objects; when you are courted *liw. Arvd*  
By such as keep a Catalogue of their Conquests, *liw. Arvd*  
Wonne vpon credulous Virgins; when our Father *liw. Arvd*  
Is here to owe you Brother to advise you *liw. Arvd*  
Nor your poore servant by, to keep you *liw. Arvd*  
By lust instructed how to vnderstand *liw. Arvd*  
And blow your chastity vp, when your weak senses *liw. Arvd*  
At once assailed, shall confound against you *liw. Arvd*  
How can you stand? saith though you say, and I *liw. Arvd*  
The judge, before whom you then stood accus'd. *liw. Arvd*

*Cleora.* I am to be accus'd, *liw. Arvd*

I should requir you.

*Cleora.* Will you then consent.

That love and jealousy, though it of different natures,

Must of necessity be, yet the younger

Created onely to defeat the eldest,

And spoyle him of his right, right is not will.

But being to just, I will not chide, I will not

Not with one syllable, as when I was

How deeply I am wounded with the arrows

Of your distrust: but when that you shall beere

At your returne, how I have known my selfe,

And what an austere penance I take on me,

To satisfie your docters: when like a

I shew you to your shame, the fire still burning

Committed to my charge by too affection.

The people ioyning with you in the wonder

When by the glorious splendor of my suffering,

The prying eyes of jealousie are strugge blinde,

The monster too that feeds on feare, ev'n stay'd

For want of keeping matter to accuse me,

Expect *Leopoldes*, a sharpe reproofe

From my just anger.

*Leop.* What will you doe?

*Cleora.* Obey mee,

Or from this minute you are a stranger to me.

And doe it without reply: all seeing *Sunne*,

Thou witnesse of my innocent, thus I chide

Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,

Till the returne of this distrustfull man.

Now binde' em sure, say doe't, if you could

Unloose this knot, unwill the hands that made it

Be pleas'd to uncinne, may consuming plagues

Fall heavy on me, pray you guide me to your lips,

This kisse, when you come backe shall be a Virgin

To bid you welcome: Nay, I haue now done yet.

I will continue dumbe, and you once gone

No Accent shall come from me: now to my chamber,

My Tombe, if you misarry: there I'll spend

My houres in silent mourning, and that much

Shall be reported of me to my glory

And

*The Band-men*

And you confesse it, whether I live or die.  
My chastity triumphs over your jealousy.

*Act. 3. Sc. 2.*

*Asses. Grace.*

*Asses.* You Slave, you Dog, down *Curt.*

*Grace.* Hold, good young masters,

For pines sake.

*Asses.* Now am I in my kingdom.

Who says I am not valiant? I begin

To frowne again, quike villaine.

*Grace.* So I do, Sir.

Your looks are waxes to me.

*Asses.* They be to Sir.

'Slight, if I had them at this key, that I might

And say I look like a sheep, and an Ass, I'd make 'em

Feele, that I am a Lion.

*Grace.* Do not roare Sir.

As you are a valiant beast: but do you know

Why you use me thus?

*Asses.* He beat thee a little more.

Then study for a reason: O I have it.

One brake a jeff on me, and then I swore,

Because I durst not strike him, when I came home

That I would brake thy head.

*Grace.* Pox on his murther.

I am sure I mourne for e.

*Asses.* Remember too, I charge you

To teach my Horse good manners, yet this morning

As I rode to take the ayre, at menford lade

Threw me, and kickt me.

*Grace.* I thank him for't.

*Asses.* What's that?

*Grace.* I say, Sir, I teach him to hold his heeles,

If you will hold your fingers.

*Asses.* He think upon't.

*Grace.* I am bruis'd & roylly; better be a dog

Than slave to a foole or coward.

*Asses.* Here's my mother. *Exit, Curfew & Bunch.*

*The Worldlings.*

She is chastising too? How brave we live  
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath; whilst you  
When we want exercise?

*Corise.* Carelesse harlotry, *Striking her.*  
Look to't, if a Curle fall, or wind, or Sun  
Take my complexion off, I will not leave  
One haire upon thine head.

*Grac.* Here's a second show  
Of the family of pride.

*Corise.* Fie on these wares,  
I am starv'd for want of a good dinner,  
To keep a woman play: if this world last  
A little longer with us, Ladies must study  
Some new found Mytery to cook up another.  
We shall burn to cinders else; I have heard there have been  
Such arts in a long vacante, would they were  
Reveal'd some: they have made my Doctor too,  
Physician to the Armie, he was us'd  
To serve the turne at a pinch: but I am  
Quite unprovided.

*Grac.* My mother in law is here  
At her devotion.

*Corise.* There are none but our slaves left.  
Nor are they to be trusted; some great women  
(Which I cold name) in a search of Vaintance,  
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play  
At small game, but I am so squalid & smacked,  
And from my youth have been so us'd to dainties,  
I cannot tast such grosse meat; some that are hungry  
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall  
From such as mend Mats in their Galleries;  
Or when a Taylor fertles a petticoat on,  
Take measure of his bodkin; fie upon't,  
Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with  
A gallants breeches, and conceive upon 'em,  
Than stoop so low.

*Ase.* Faire Madam, and my mother.

*Corise.* Leave the last out, it smells rank of the Countie,  
And shewes course breeding; your true Courtier knowes not  
His neece, or sister from another woman.



The Bond-man.

If she be apt and cunning, I could teipe more.  
This foole; but he will be so long a working.  
Then hee's my husbands son; the fitter to  
Supply his wants, I have the way already.  
I'll try if it will take; when were you with  
Your Mistris, faire *Cleora*.

*Ast.* Two dayes sithence,  
But thee's to coy forsooth, that ere I can  
Speak a pen'd speech I have bought and studied for her;  
Her woman calls her away.

*Coris.* Here's a dull thing,  
But better taught I hope; send off your man.

*Ast.* Sirs be gone.

*Grat.* This is the first good turne  
She ever did me.

*Coris.* We'll have a Seeme of mirth,  
I must not have you stand for want of practice  
I stand here for *Cleora*, and do you heare Minion,  
(That you may tell her, what her woman should do)  
Repeat the lesson over, that I taught you  
When my yong Lord came to visit me; if you misse  
In a Syllable or posture!

*Zant.* I am perfect.

*Ast.* Would I were so: I feare I shall be out.

*Coris.* If you are, please help you in, Thus I walke mining:  
You are to enter, and as you passe by,  
Salute my woman; be but bold enough,  
You'e speed I warrant you: begin.

*Ast.* Have at it:  
'Save thee sweet heart. A kisse.

*Zant.* Venus forbid Sir,  
I should presume to taste your Honors lips  
Before my Lady.

*Coris.* This is well on both parts.

*Ast.* How does thy Lady?

*Zant.* Happy in your Lorchip,  
As often as she thinks on you.

*Coris.* Very good,  
This wench will learne in time.

*Ast.* Does she think of me?

*Zant.*

*The Band-man*

*Zant.* O Sir and speaks the best of you, admiring  
Your wit, your clothes, discomfited swears but that  
You are not forward enough for a lord, you were  
The most compleat and shapely man: like them  
Your Lordship a *Stewart*.

*Afor.* Not of thine owne?

*Zant.* O no, sir,

'Tis of my Lady, but vpon your honours,

You must conceale it.

*Afor.* By all means.

*Zant.* Sometimes

I lie with my Lady as the last night I did,

Shee could not say her prayers for thinking of you.

Nay, she talked of you in her sleepe, and sigh'd out.

O sweet *Afor*, sure thou art so backward

That I must ravish thee, and in that service

She tooke me in her arms, drew me vpon her, and from I

Kiss'd me, and hing'd all round about my neck, and wept

Because 'twas but a dream.

*Corise.* This will bring him on.

Or hee's a blocke. A good girl.

*Afor.* I am mad,

Till I am at it.

*Zant.* Be not put off, Sir,

Wits away, I assure you; for you are in modesty.

My Brother's vp, my father will hear, shoot home, sir,

you cannot misse the mark.

*Afor.* Ther's for thy counsaile

This is the fairest interlude, if it prove earnest,

I shall wish I were a player.

*Corise.* Now my turne comes.

I am exceeding sick, pray you send my page

For young *Afor*, I cannot live without him,

Pray him to visit me, yet when hee's present,

I must be strange to him.

*Afor.* Not so: you are caught.

Loe whom you wish, behold *Afor* here.

*Corise.* You wait well, Minion, shortly I shall not speak

My thoughts in my privat Chamber, but they must come and

Lie open to discovery

*Afor.*

The Band-mans.

*Ast.* 'Slid she's angry.

*Zant.* No, no, Sir, she but seems so. To her again.

*Ast.* Lady, I would desired to kiss your hand;

But that 'tis glov'd, and Civic makes me lick;

And to presume to taste your lips not safe,

Your woman by:

*Coris.* She's no observer,

Of whom I grate. *Zant. Looks on a Book,*

*Ast.* She's at her booke, O rare! *kisses her*

*Coris.* A kisse for entertainment is sufficient:

Too much of one dish cloyes me.

*Astus.* I would serve in

The second course, but still I feare your woman.

*Coris.* You are very cautelous. *Zantbia comes to strepe.*

*Astus.* 'Slight she's a slave!

'Tis pittie these instructions are not printed

They would sell well to chamber-maids, 'tis no time now

To play with my good fortune, and your favor,

Yet to be taken, as they say: a stout

To give the signall when the enemy comes, *Exit Zantbia.*

Were now worth gold: Shee's gone to watch

A wayter to train'd up were worth a million,

To a wanton Citty Madam.

*Coris.* You are grown conceited.

*Ast.* You teach me; Lady, now your Cabines.

*Coris.* You speake, as it were yours.

*Ast.* When we are there,

Ile show you my best evidence.

*Coris.* Hold you foyet,

I only play *Cleora's* part.

*Ast.* No matter,

Now we have begun, let's end the act.

*Coris.* Forbear, Sir,

Your Fathers wife?

*Ast.* Why, being Heyre, I am bound,

Since he can make no satisfaction to you,

To see his debts paid.

*Enter Zantbia running*

*Zantbia.* Madame, my Lord.

*Coris.* Fall off,

I must trifle with the time too;

*Ast.*

*Mist.* Pox on his toothlesse chaps, he cannot dote  
Himselfe, yet findes such as have good stomachs. *Enter Clem*  
*Clem.* Where are you, Wife? I faine would goe abroad,  
But cannot finde my slaves; that bears my Litter:  
I am ty'd, your shoulder, sonne; nay sweer, thy hand too,  
A turne or to in the Garden, and then to supper  
And so to bed.  
*Mist.* Never to rise, I hope, more. *Evening.*

ACT. 2. SCENE. 3.

*Pisander, Poliphron, bringing forth a Table.*

*Pisan.* I will take, I warrant thee.

*Polip.* You may doe your pleasure:

But, in my judgment, better to make use of

The present opportunity.

*Pisan.* No more. *Enter Cimbrin, Graculo, and Slaves.*

*Polip.* I am silene'd.

*Pisan.* More wine, pray thee drinke hard, friend.

And when we are hot, what ever I propound,

Second with vehemency: men of your wordes, all welcome.

Slaves use no ceremonie, sit downe, heere's a health.

*Polip.* Let it runne, fill every man his Glass.

*Grac.* We looke for no wayters, this is Wine.

*Pisan.* The better.

Strong, lusty wine: drinke deepe, this joyce will make vs

As free as our Lords.

*Grac.* But if they finde, wee tast it.

We are all dam'd to the quarry, during life,

Without hope of redemption.

*Pisan.* Pish, for that

Wee'l talke anon: another cause, we loose time.

When our low blood's wound vp a little higher,

I'll offer my designe; nay, we are colde yet,

These glasses containe nothing; doe me tight. *Takes the bottle.*

As e're you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely,

How doe you feele your selves now?

*Cimb.* I begin

To have strange Conundrums in my head.

*Grac.* And I,

To leath bafe water : I would be hang'd in pebble now,  
For one moneth of fuch hell-diaes

*Pifand.* An age, Boyes,  
And yet defie the whip, if you are men,  
Or dare beleve, you have foules.

*Cimb.* We are no Breakers;  
Nor Whores, whole markes are out of their mouths;  
They hardly can get fale enough to keep 'em (they have none,  
From stinking above ground.

*Pifand.* Our Lords are no gods;

*Grac.* They are Devils to vs, I am fure.

*Pifand.* But fubject to  
Colde, hunger, and difeafe.  
*Grac.* In abundance.

Your Lord, that fees no ash in his thine or twentie,  
Forfeits his priviledge, how fhould their Chyrurgion build elfe,  
Or ride on their Foot-clothes

*Pifand.* Equall nature fufafon'd us  
All in one molde: The Beare ferves not the Beare,  
Nor the Wolfe, the Wolfe; twins eds of ftrength in tyrans,  
That pluck'd the firft linke from the Golden chayne  
With which that thing of things bound in the world.

Why then, fince we are taught, by their examples,  
To love our Libertie, if not Command,  
Should the ftrong ferve the weake, the fair deform'd ones?

Or fuch as know the canfe of things, pay tribute  
To ignorant foolcs? All's but the outward glosfe  
And politticke forme, that does diftinguifh us.

*Cymbrio.* thou art a ftrong man; if in place  
Of carrying burthens, thou hadft beene trayn'd vp  
In Martiall difcipline, thou mightft have prou'd

A Generall, fit to lead and fight for Sicillie,  
As fortunate as *Timoleon*

*Cymbrio.* A litle fighting  
will ferve a Generalls turn.

*Pifand.* Thou, *Graculo*,  
Hafte fluencie of Language, quick conceit,  
And I thinke, cover'd with a Senators robe,  
Formally fet on the Bench, thou wouldft appeare  
As brave a Senator.

*Gracc.* Would I had Land'd bluow I, *Chayne,*  
Or money, to buy a place; and if I did not  
Sleep on the bench, with the drowfiest of 'em Play with my  
Looke on my watch, when my guts chum'd twelve, and were  
A state Beard, with my Barber, help to take with 'em, and with  
In their most choyce peculiar gift a day, to me  
And put me to drinke water againe, which (now  
I have tasted Wine) were poyson.

*Pisand.* 'Tis spoke nobly,  
And like a Gown-man, none of these, I thinke too,  
But would prove good Burgers.

*Gracc.* Hum: the fooles are modest,  
I know their insides: here's an ill-fac'd fellow  
(But that will not be seene in a darke shop,  
If he did not in a month, leane to out-faire;  
In the selling of his wares, the cunning est Tradseman,  
In *Syracusa*, I have no skill; Here's another,  
Observe but what a consening looke he ha's,  
(Hold vp thy head, man) if for drawing Gallies  
Into mortgages for Commodities, cheating Heyns  
With your new counterfeit Gold thred, and gunn'd Velves  
He does not transend all that went before him,  
Call in his patent; passe the rest, they'll all make  
Sufficient Becos, and with their brow-antlers  
Beare vp the Cap of maintenance.

*Pisand.* Is't not pittie then,  
Men of such eminent vertues, should be Slaves?

*Cmb.* Our fortune.

*Pisand.* 'Tis your folly, daring men  
Command, and make their fates. Say, at this instant,  
I mark'd you out away to Libertie;  
Possess you of those blessings, our proud Lords  
So long haue furetted in; and what is sweetest,  
Arme you with power by strong hand to avenge  
Your stripes, your vnregarded toyle, the pride,  
The insolencie, of such as treade vpon  
Your patient suffering; fill your famish'd mouthes,  
With the fat and plenty of the Land; redeeme you  
From the darke vale of Seruitude, and seate you  
Vpon a hill of happinesse; what would you do

To



To purchase this and more?

*Grac.* Do any thing,  
To burne a Church or two, and dance by the light ont  
Were but a May-game.

*Poliph.* I have a father living,  
But if the cutting of his throat could worke this,  
He should excuse me.

*Cimb.* 'Slight, I would cut mine owne,  
Rather then misse it, so I might but have  
A taste on't ere I die.

*Pisan.* Be resolute men,  
You shall run no such hazard; nor groan under  
The burthen of such crying fumes.

*Cimb.* The meanes?

*Grac.* I feele a womans longing.

*Poliph.* Do not torment us  
With expectation.

*Pis.* Thus then, Our proud masters,  
And all the able Freemen of the City  
Are gone unto the warts;

*Poliph.* Observe but that.

*Pisan.* Old men, and such as can make no resistance,  
Are onely left at home.

*Grac.* And the proud young foole  
My Master. If this take, I'll hamper him.

*Pisan.* Their Arsenall, their Treasures in our power,  
If we have hearts to seaze 'em; if our Lords fall

In the present action, the whole countrie's ours;

Say they returne victorious, we have meanes

To keepe the Towne against them: at the worst

To make our owne conditions: now if you dare

Fall on their Daughters and their Wives, break up

Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,

And carve your selves of all delights and pleasures

You have been bard from, with one voyce cry with me,

Liberty, liberty.

*All.* Liberty, liberty.

*Pisan.* Go then, and take possession; use all freedom,  
But shed no blood: so this is well begun,  
But not to be commended til't be done.

*Ex. Omnes.*

*The Boott-man.*

ACT 3. SC. 1.

*Pisander, Timandra.*

*Pisand.* Why think you that I plot against my self?  
Feare nothing, you are safe, these thick-skinn'd slaves,  
(I use as instruments to serve my ends)  
Pierce not my deep designs: nor shall they dare  
To lift an arme against you.

*Timand.* With your will.  
But turbulent spirits rais'd beyond themselves  
With ease, are not so soon lay'd: they oft prove  
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

*Pisand.* Tis true,  
In what is rashly undertook. Long since  
I have considered seriously their natures  
Proceeded with mature advise, and know  
I hold their will and faculties in more awe  
Then I can do my own. Now for their licence,  
And ryot in the City, I can make  
A just defence, and use: It may appeare too  
A politicke prevention of such ill  
As might with greater violence and danger  
Hereafter be attempted: though some smart for  
It matters not: how ever, I am resolv'd;  
And sleep you with security. Holds *Clara*  
Constant to her rash vow?

*Timand.* Beyond beleefe;  
To one, that see her honestly, it seems a fable.  
By signes I ghesse at her commands, and serve 'em  
With silence, such her pleasure is, made knowne  
By holding her faire hand thus; she eates little,  
Sleeps lesse, as I imagine; once a day  
I lead her to this Gallery, where she walks  
Some halfe a dozen turnes, and having offred  
To her absent Saint, a sacrifice of sighs,  
She points back to her prison.

*Pisand.* Guide her hither,  
And make her understand the slaves revolt.  
And with your utmost eloquence enlarge

Their

*The Bond-man.*

Their insolence, and rapes done in the City,  
Forget not too, I am their chiefs, and tell her  
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,  
As I am *Marrillo*, caus'd this suddain uprore,  
To make way to enjoy her.

*Timand.* Punctually

I will discharge my part. *Exit Timandra, Enter Poliphron.*

*Poliph.* O Sir, I sought you.

You have mis'd the sport. Hell, I think is broke loose,

There's such variety of all disorders,

As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,

Among the slaves; answer'd with crying, howling,

By the Citizens and their wives; such a confusion,

(In a word, not to tyre you) as I think

The like was never read of.

*Pisand.* I share in

The pleasure, though I am absent. This is some

Revenge for my disgrace.

*Poliph.* But Sir, I feare,

If your authority restrain them not,

They'll fire the City, or kill one another,

They are so apt to outrage; neither know I

Whether you wish it, and came therefore to

Acquaint you with so much.

*Pisand.* I will among 'em,

But must not long be absent.

*Poliph.* At your pleasure.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 1.

*Cleora, Timandra, a Chaire, about within.*

*Timand.* They are at our gates my heart! affrights & horrors  
Increase each minute: No way left to save us,  
No flattering hope to comfort us, or meanes  
By miracle to redeeme us from base lust,  
And lawlesse rapine? Are there gods, yet suffer  
Such innocent sweetnesse to be made the spoile  
Of brutish appetite? Or since they decree  
To ruine Natures master-piece (of which  
They have not left one pattern) must they choose,

*The Band-man.*

To set their tyrannie off, slaves to pollute  
The spring of chastitie, and poyson it  
With their most leath'd embraces? and of those  
He that should offer up his life to guard it?  
*Marullo*, curs'd *Marullo*, your owne band-man  
Purchas'd to serve you, and fed by your favours.  
Nay, start not; it is he, he the grand Captaine *Cleopatra*.  
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left  
One cryell act vndone, that Barbarous conquest  
Yet never practis'd in a captive Citie.  
He doting on your beauty, and to have fellows  
In his soule sinne, bathrais'd these mutinous slaves,  
Who have begun the game by violent Rapes,  
Vpon the w iues and daughters of their Lords:  
And he to quench the fire of his base lust,  
By force comes to enjoy you: do not wring *Cleopatra*  
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootlesse; vie the means *her hands*  
That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break  
A vow when you are forc'd to it; shew your face,  
And with the majesty of commanding beauty  
Strike dead his loose affections; if that faile,  
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;  
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood;  
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive  
Impression from your words; or eyes so sterne,  
But from the cleere reflection of your teares  
Must melt, and beare them company; will you not  
Do these good offices to your selfe, poor I then,  
Can onely weep your fortune; here he comes.

*Pisand.* He that advances *Enter Pisander speaking*  
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword. *at the doore.*  
You have had your wayes, disturbe not mine.

*Timand.* Speak gently,  
Her feares may kill her else.

*Pisand.* Now love inspire me!  
Still shall this Canopy of envious night  
Obscure my Suns of comfort? and those dainties  
Of purest white and red, which I take in at  
My greedy eyes, deny'd my famish'd senses?  
The organs of your healing are yet open.

And

*The Bond-man.*

And you infringe no vow though you vouchsafe  
To give them warrant to convey unto  
Your understanding parts, the story of  
A tortur'd and despoiling Lover whom *Clara shakes.*  
Not Fortune but Affection marks your slaves:  
Shake not best Lady for beleev't, you are  
As farre from danger as I am from force.  
All violence I'll offer tends no farther  
Then to relate my sufferings, which I dare not  
Presume to do, till by some gracious signe  
You shew you are pleas'd to heare me.

*Timand.* If you are,  
Hold forth your right hand. *Clara holds forth her*

*Pisan.* So 'tis done, and I *hold forth right hand.*  
With my glad lips seale humbly on your foot,  
My soules thanks for the favour: I forbear  
To tell you whom I am, what wealth, what honours  
I made change of to become your servant:  
And though I knew worthy *Leosthenes*  
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love  
You have endur'd so much) to be my rivall:  
When rage and jealousie counsell'd me to kill him,  
(Which then I could have done with much more ease,  
Then now in feare to grieve you, I dare speak it)  
Love seconded with duty boldly told me,  
The man I hated, faire *Clara* favor'd:  
And that was his protection. *Clara bowes,*

*Timand.* See, she bowes  
Her head in signe of thankfulness.

*Pisan.* He remov'd,  
By th'occasion of the war (my fires increasing  
By being clos'd and stop't up) frantick affection  
Prompted me to doe something in his absence  
That might deliver you into my power,  
Which you see is effected, and even now  
When my rebellious passions chide my dulnesse,  
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes;  
Now 'tis in my power to bear you hence. *Clara starts.*  
Or take my wishes here, (nay, feare not Madam,  
True love's a servant, brutish lust a Tyrant)

I dare not touch those viands, that ne're tast well,  
 But when they are freely offer'd: only thus much,  
 Be pleas'd I may speak in my own deare cause,  
 And thinke it worthy your consideration,  
 I have lov'd truly (cannot say deserv'd;  
 Since duty must not take the name of merit)  
 That I so farre prize your content, before  
 All blessings, that my hope can fashion to me,  
 That willingly I entertain despaire,  
 And for your sake embrace it. For I know,  
 This opportunity lost, by no endeavour  
 The like can be recover'd. To conclude,  
 Forget not, that I lost my self, to save you.  
 For what can I expect, but death and torture,  
 The warre being ended? and, what is a task  
 Would trouble *Hercules* to undertake,  
 I do deny you to my self, to give you  
 A pure unspotted present to my rival.  
 I have said, if it distaste not, best of *Virgins*,  
 Reward my temperance with some lawfull favour.  
 Though you condemne my person. *Cleora kneeles, then pulls off*  
*Timand.* See, shee kneeles, *her Glove, and offers her*  
 And seemes to call upon the gods to pay  
 The debt she owes your vertue. To performe which  
 As a sure pledge of friendship, shee vouchsafes you  
 Her right hand. *Makes a low courtesie, and*  
*Pisau.* I am payd for all my sufferings. *she goes off.*  
 Now when you please passe to your private chamber  
 My love, and duty, faithfull guards, shall keep you  
 From all disturbance; and when you are fated  
 With thinking of *Leaflives*, as a fee  
 Due to my service, spare one sigh for me. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SC. 3.

*Enter Graculo leading Asotus in an Ape's habit, with a chaine  
 about his necke. Zanthia in Coriscane's clothes, shoo  
 bearing up her traine.*

*Grac.* Come on, Sir.

*Asot.* Oh.

*Grac.*



*The Bandman.*

*Grace.* Doe you grumble? you were ever  
A brainlesse Asse, but if this hold, I'll teach you  
To come aloft, and doe tricks like an Ape.  
Your mornings lesson? if you gristle.

*Asse.* O no, Sir.

*Grace.* What for the Cathaginians? a good haire.  
What for our selfe your Lord? exceeding well.  
There's your reward. Not kisse your pawe? So, so, so.

*Zant.* Was ever Lady the firste of her honour  
So waited on by a wrinkled croke? Does looks now  
Without her painting, cuding and perfumes  
Like the last day of January, and fusties were  
Then a hot brach in the dogge daies. Further of  
So stand there like an image, if you stum.  
Till with a quarter of a looke I call you.  
You know what followes.

*Corise.* O what am I fallen to!  
But tis a punishment for my lust and pride.  
Iustly return'd vpon me.

*Grace.* How doe't thou like  
Thy Ladiship *Zantia*?

*Zant.* Very well, and heare it  
With as much state as your Lordship.

*Grace.* Give me thy hand;  
Let vs like conquering Romans walke in triumph,  
Our captives following. Then mount our tribunals,  
And make the slaves our footstooler.

*Zant.* Fine by Iove,  
Are your hands cleare minion?

*Corise.* Yes forsooth.  
*Zant.* Fall off then.

So now come on: and having made your these duties,  
Downe I say, (are you stiffe in the hams?) now kneele,  
And tie our shooe. Now kisse it, and be happy.

*Grace.* This is state indeed.  
*Zant.* It is such as she taught me.

A tickling itch of greatness, your proud Lady  
Expect from their poor waiters, we have changed parts.  
Shee does what shee shoud me to doe in her sort.  
And I must practise it in mine.

*Grace.* Th' iustice;

The Bond-man.

Ohere come more *Enter Cimbrus, Cleon, Poliphilus, Olympia.*

*Cimb.* Discover to a Diachma;  
Or I will furnish thee.

*Cleon.* O I am pinde already.

*Cimb.* Hunger shall force thee to cut off the braignes  
From thy arms and thighs; then broil them on the coles

For Carbonadoes.

*Poliph.* Spare the old Tade, hee's foundred

*Grace.* Cut his throat then

And hang him out for a fair Crow.

*Poliph.* You have all your wiftes

In your revenge, and I have mine. You see

I use no tyrannie: When I was her slave,

She kept me as a finner to her backe

In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties

Which still she had in her belly againe ere morning

And in requitall of those countenances

Having made one another free, we are married

And if you wish us joy, joyne with us

A dance at our Wedding.

*Grace.* Agreed, for I have thought of

A most triumphant one, which shall expresse we are Lords, and

*Poliph.* But we shall want (these our slaves.

A woman.

*Grace.* No, hives face of Apes shall serve

Carry your body swimming: wher's the Musick?

*Poliph.* I have plac'd it in your window. *The dance at the end.*

*Grace.* Begin then sprightly. *Enter Pifander.*

*Poliph.* Well done on all sides. I have prepar'd a Banquet;

Let's drinke and coole us.

*Grac.* A good motion.

*Cimb.* Wait here

You have beene yd with fasting, learn to fast now.

*Grace.* I'll have an Apple for Jack, and may be some scrapps

May fall to your share. *Exeunt Gratius, Zambis, Cimbrus,*

*Coris.* Whom can we accuse *Poliphilus, Olympia.*

But our selves, for what we suffer? thou art just

Thou all-healing power, And misery

Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledg'd

No Deities beyond my lust and pride.

There

*The Bond-man.*

There is a heaven above vs, that looks downe  
With eyes of iustice, vpon such as number  
Those blessings freely giuen, in the accompt  
Of their poore miſeries: Else it could not be  
Now miserable I, to please whose palſer  
The Elements were sanctified, yet complain'd  
Of Nature, as not liberall enough  
In her provision of rarities  
To ſoethe my taſte, and pamper my proud ſenſe  
Now wiſh in vaine for bread.

*Cleon.* Yes, I doe with too  
For what I ſee my dogges with.

*Coriſe.* I that forgot  
I was made of fleſh and blood, and thought the ſilk  
Spunne by the diligent worne, out of their intrals,  
Too coarſe to cloath me; and the ſofter Downe  
Too hard to ſleepe on; that diſdain'd to looke  
On vertue being in ragges: that ſtop'd my noſe  
At thoſe that did not uſe adulterate arts  
To better nature; that from thoſe, that ſerv'd me,  
Expected adoration, am made juſtly  
The ſcorne of my owne Bond-woman.

*Aſa.* I am puniſh'd  
For ſeeking to Cuckold mine owne naturall Father  
Had I beene gelded then or uſ'd my ſelfe  
Like a man, I had not beene transform'd and ſent  
To play an ore-grown Ape.

*Cleon.* I know I cannot  
Laſt long, that's all my comfort: now, I forgive both  
It is in vaine to be angry, let vs therefore  
Lament together like friends.

*Pifand.* What a true mirror  
Were this ſad ſpectacle for ſecure greatneſſe!  
Heere they that never ſee themſelves, but in  
The Glaſſe of ſervile flattery, might behold  
The weake foundation vpon which they build  
That truſt in humane frailtie. Happie are thoſe  
That knowing in their births, they are ſubject to  
Vncertaine change are ſtill prepar'd, and arm'd  
For either fortune: A rare principle.

And

*The Bond-man.*

And with much labour, learn'd in wisdoms schools  
For as these Bond-men by their actions shew,  
That in prosperitie, like too too large a Sayle,  
For their small barks of judgement; sinkes them with  
Afore-right gale of libertie, ere they reach  
The port they long to touch at: So these wretches  
Sworne with the false opinion of their worth,  
And proud of blessings left them, not acquire,  
That did beleeve they could with Gyane-arms  
Fathome the earth, and were above their fates  
Those borrow'd helpe that did support them, vanish  
Fall of themselves, and by vnmanny sufferings  
Betray their proper weaknesse, and make knowne  
Their boasted greatnesse was lent, not their owne.

*Cleon.* O for some meate, they sit long.  
*Corife.* We forgot,

When we drew our intemperate feasts till midnight  
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their wantings;  
Nor did we hold our selves serv'd to the height,  
But when we did exact, and force their duties  
Beyond their strength and power.

*Alce.* We pay for't now.  
I now could be content to have my head  
Broke with a robe of bees, or for a Coffin  
Be buried in the dripping pan.

*Cimb.* Doe not hold me, *Enter Polipheus, Cimbris, Gramelle,*  
Not kisse the bride? *Zanthe, Olimpie, drunke and*  
*quarrelling.*

*Polip.* No Sir.

*Cimb.* She's common good,  
And so wee'll vie her.

*Grac.* wee'll have nothing private.

*Olimp.* Hold:

*Zant.* Heere, *Marrille.*

*Olimp.* Hee's chiefe.

*Cimb.* We are equals.

I will know no obedience.

*Grac.* Nor superior,

Nay, if you are Lyon-drunk, I will make one,

For lightly ever he shur parts the fray,

Goes away with the blowes.

*Pisand.*

*Pisand.* Art thou madde too?  
No more, as you respect me.

*Polip.* I obey, Sir,

*Pisand.* Quarrell among your selves?

*Cymb.* Yes, in our Wine, Sir,  
And for our Wenches.

*Gracc.* How could we be Lords else?

*Pisand.* Take heed, I have news wil cool this heat, & make you  
Remember, what you were.

*Cymb.* How?

*Pisand.* Send off these,  
And then I'll tell you. *Zambis bearing Corisca.*

*Olymp.* This is tyrannic,  
Now she offends not.

*Zant.* 'Tis for exercise,  
And to helpe digestion, what is the good for else?  
To me it was her language.

*Pisand.* Leave her off,  
And take heed Madam minx, the Wheele may turne.  
Goe to your meate, and rest, and from this hour  
Remember he that is a Lord to day, *Exeunt Cleon Asius, Zant-*  
May be a Slave to morrow. *thia, Olympia, Corisca.*

*Cleon.* Good morality.

*Cymb.* But what would you impart?

*Pisand.* What must invite you  
To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting,  
Or but imagine, what it is to be  
Most miserable, and rest assur'd you are so.  
Our masters are victorious:

*All.* How.

*Pisand.* Within  
A dayes march of the Citie, flesh'd with spoyle,  
And proud of conquest, the Armado funke,  
The Carthaginian Admirall hand to hand,  
Slaine by *Leofhouer.*

*Cymb.* I feele the whip  
Vpon my back already.

*Gracc.* Every man  
Seek a convenient Tree, and hang himselfe.

*Polip.* Better die once, then live an age to suffer

New tortures every houre.

*Cymb.* Say, we submit,  
And yeeld vs to their mercy.

*Pisand.* Can you flatter  
Your selves with such false hopes? or dare you think  
That your imperious Lords, that neuer faild  
To punish with severity petty slips;  
In your neglect of labour, may be wonne  
To pardon those licentious outrages,  
Which noble enemies forbore to practise  
Vpon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,  
That may call on their just revenge with horror  
And studied cruelty? We have gone too farre  
To thinke now of retyring; in our courage,  
And during, lies our safety; if you are not  
Slaves in your abject mindes, as in your fortunes;  
Since to die is the worst, better expose  
Our naked breasts to their keene Swords, and sell  
Our lives with the most advantage, then to trust  
In a forestal'd remission, or yeeld up  
Thrice heated with reuenge.

*Grac.* You led vs on.

*Cimb.* And 'tis but justice, you should bring vs off.

*Grac.* And we expect it.

*Pisand.* Heare then, and obey me.

And I will either saue you, or fall with you;

Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports,

Boldly deny their entrance, and rippe vp

Your grieuances, and what compel'd you to

This desperate course: if they disdain to heare

Of composition, we haue in our powers

Their aged Fathers, Children, and their wives,

Who to preserve themselves, must willingly

Make intercession for vs. 'Tis not time now

To talke, but doe. A glorious end or freedom

Is now propos'd vs; stand resolu'd for either,

And like good fellowes, live, or die together.



*Leosthenes, Timagoras.*

*Timag.* I am so farre from envie, I am proud  
You have outstrip'd me in the race of honour.  
O 'Twas a glorious day, and bravely wonne!  
Your bold performance gave such lustre to  
*Timoleons* wise direction, as the Armie  
Rests doubtfull, to whom they stand most ingag'd  
For their so greate successe.

*Leost.* The gods first honour'd,  
The glory be the generalls; 'tis farre from mee  
To be his rivall.

*Timag.* You abuse your fortune,  
To entertaine her choyce, and gracious favours,  
With a contracted browe; plumb'd victory  
Is truly painted with a cheerefull looke,  
Equally distant from proud insolence,  
And base dejection.

*Leost.* O *Timagoras*,  
You onely are acquainted with the cause,  
That loades my sad heart with a hill of lead;  
Whose pondrous weight, weighes my new got ho-  
Assisted by the generall applause (now  
The souldier crowns it with; not all the wars glories  
Can lessen or remove: and would you please,  
With fit consideration to remember,  
How much I wrong *Clorax* innocence  
With my rash doubts; and what a grievous penance  
She did impose upon her tender sweetnesse,  
To pluck away the Vulture jealousie  
That fed upon my Liver: you cannot blame me,  
But call it a fit justice on my selfe.  
Though I resolve to be a stranger to  
The thought of mirth or pleasure.

*Timag.* You have redeem'd  
The forfeit of your fault, with such a ranfome  
Of honourable action, as my sister  
Must of necessity confesse her sufferings

Weigh'd

Weigh'd downe by your faire merits; and when she views you  
Like a triumphant Conqueror, carried through  
The Streets of *Syracusa*, the glad people  
Pressing to meet you, and the Senators  
Contending who shall heape most honours on you  
The Oxen crown'd with Garlands led before you  
Appointed for the Sacrifice; and the Altars  
Smoaking with thankfull Incense to the gods;  
The Souldiers chanting loud hymnes to your praise  
The windows fill'd with Matrons, and with Virgins,  
Throwing vpon your head, as you passe by,  
The choicest Flowers, and silently invoking  
The Queene of Love, with their particular vovves;  
To be thought worthy of you; can *Clara*,  
(Though in the glasse of self-love, shee behold  
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,  
What she indur'd was but a noble tryall  
You made of her affection? and her anger  
Rising from your too amorous entes, soon drench'd  
In *Leiths*, and forgotten.

*Leoff*. If those glories

You so set forth were mine, they might plead for me;  
But I can laye no claime to the least honour,  
Which you with soule injustice wish from her;  
Her beauty, in me wrought a miracle,  
Taught me to asme at things beyond my power,  
Which her perfections purchas'd, and gave to me  
From her free bounties; shee inspir'd me with  
That valour, which I dare not call mine owne;  
And from the faire reflexion of her minde,  
My soule receiv'd the sparkling beames of courage.  
Shee from the magazine of her proper goodnesse,  
Stock'd me with vertuous purposes; sent me forth  
To trade for honour; and shee being the owner  
Of the Bark of my aduentures, I must yeeld her  
A iust account of all, as fits a Factor;  
And howe soeuer others thinke me happy,  
And cry aloud, I haue made a prosperous voyage,  
One frowne of her dislike at my returne  
(Which, as a punishment for my fault, I looke for)

Strikes

Strikes dead all comfort.

*Timag.* Tush; these fears are needlesse.

She cannot, must not, shall not be so cruell.

A free confession of a fault winnes pardon;

But being seconded by desert, commands it.

The Generall is your owne, and sure, my Father

Repents his harshnesse: for my self, I am

Ever your creature, one day shall be happy

In your triumph and your marriage.

*Leost.* May it prove so,

With her consent and pardon.

*Timag.* Ever touching

On that harsh string? she is your own, and you

Without disturbance seise on what's your due.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 1.

*Pisander, Timandra.*

*Pisan.* She has her health then.

*Timand.* Yes, Sir, and as often

As I speak of you, lends attentive ear.

To all that I deliver; nor seems tyrd,

Though I dwell long on the relation of

Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise,

On your unquall temperance, and command,

You hold o're your affections.

*Pisan.* To my wish:

Have you acquainted her with the desecture

Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours

*Leosthenes* comes crown'd home with?

*Timand.* With all care.

*Pisan.* And how does she receive it?

*Timand.* As I guesse,

With a seeming kind of joy, but yet appears not

Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.

But when I tell her of the certain ruine

You must encounter with at their arrivall

In *Syracusa*, and that death with torments

Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,

Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,

G

And

*The Bond-man, act 6. sc. 7.*

And a reward of pure, unspotted love,  
Preserv'd in the white robe of innocence:  
Though she were in your power, and still fix'd on  
By insolent lust, you rather choose to suffer  
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession  
You have call'd on the fury of your Lord,  
Than that she should be griev'd, or tainted in  
Her reputation.

*Pisan.* Dost it work compunction?  
Pitties she my misfortune?

*Timand.* She express'd  
All signs of sorrow, which, her vow observ'd,  
Could witness a griev'd heart. At the first hearing  
She fell upon her face, rent her faire hairs,  
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs,  
In which she silently seem'd to complain  
Of heavens injustice.

*Pisan.* 'Tis enough: wait carefully,  
And upon all watch'd occasions, continue  
Speech, and discourse of me: 'tis time must work her.

*Timand.* I'll not be wanting, but still strive to serve you.

*Pisand.* Now *Poliphron*, the newses. *Ex. Timand.*

*Poliph.* The conquering army *Enter Poliph.*  
Is within ken.

*Pisan.* How brook the slaves the object?

*Poliph.* Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour;  
And seeme to scoffe at danger: 'tis your presence  
That must confirm them; with a full content  
You are chosen to relate the tyranny  
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to,  
They gladly will allow of, or hold out  
To the last man.

*Pisand.* I'll instantly among them:  
If we prove constant to our selves, good fortune  
Will not, I hope, forsake us.

*Polip.* 'Tis our best refuge. *Exeunt.*

Act.

*The Blind-man.*

ACT. 4 Sc. 3.

*Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leosthenes,*

*Timagoras, others.*

*Timol.* Thus farre we are return'd victorious, crown'd  
With wreaths triumphant, (sachine, blood, and death,  
Banish'd your peacefull confines,) and bring home  
Security, and peace. 'Tis therefore fit  
That such as boldly stood the shock of warre,  
And with the deare expence of sweat and blood  
Have purchas'd honour, should with pleasure reap  
The harvest of their toyle; and we stand bound  
Out of the first file of the best deserving,  
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits)  
To think of you *Leosthenes*, that stand,  
And worthily, most deare in our esteem,  
For your heroick valour.

*Archid.* When I look on  
(The labour of so many men, and ages)  
This well-built City, not long since design'd  
To spoile and rapine; by the favour of  
The gods, and your their ministers, preserv'd,  
I cannot in my height of joy, but offer you  
These treasures for a glad sacrifice.

*Diph.* Sleep the Citizens?  
Or are they overwhelm'd with the excessive  
of comfort that flowes to them?

*Leost.* We receive  
A silent entertainment.

*Timag.* I long since  
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,  
The old men striving with their age, the Priests  
Carrying the images of their gods before 'em,  
Should have met us with procession: Ha! the gates  
Are shut against us!

*Archid.* And upon the walls  
Arm'd men seem to defend us!

*Enter above Pisander, Poliph.*

*Cimbrus, Graculus, &c.*

*Diph.* I should know  
These faces: they are our slaves.

*Timag.* The mystery, recalls?

The Bond-men

Open the ports, and play not with an anger  
That will consume you.

*Timol.* This is above wonder.

*Archid.* Our Bond-men stand against us!

*Grac.* Some such things.

We were in mans remembrance; the slaves are cur'd  
Lords of the towne; nor feare, nor may be not angry;  
Perhaps on good termes, giving security,  
You will be quiet men, we may allow you  
Some lodgings in our gardens, or our houses;  
Your great looks cannot carry it.

*Cimb.* The truth is, we have been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters  
We have been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters

*Leoff.* O my prophetick soule!

*Grac.* Rifled your chests,

Been busie with your wardrobes,

*Timag.* Can we endure this?

*Leoff.* O my Cleora!

*Grac.* A Candle for the gentleman,

He'll die a'th pip else.

*Timag.* Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?

Hold parley with our bond-men, & force our entrance;

Then villains, expect

*Timol.* Hold: you wear mens shapes,

And if like men you have reason, shew a cause

That leades you to this desperate course; which must end

In your destruction.

*Grac.* That as please the Fates,

But we vouchsafe; speak Captain.

*Timag.* Hell, and furies!

*Archid.* Bay'd by our owne curres?

*Cimb.* Take heed you be not worry'd

*Polip.* We are sharp set.

*Cimb.* And sudden.

*Pisan.* Briefly thus then,

Since I must speak for all; your tyranny

Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times,

When Lords were stil'd fathers of Families,

And not imperious masters; when they numbred

Their servants almost equall with their sonnes,

Or



*The Bond-man.*

Or one degree beneath them ; when their labours  
Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a period  
Set to their sufferings ; when they did not presse  
Their duties, or their wills beyond the power  
And strength of their performance ; all things order'd  
With such decorum, as wise Law-makers,  
From each well govern'd private house deriv'd  
The perfect modell of a common-wealth.  
Humanity then lodg'd in the hearts of men,  
And thankfull Masters carefully provided  
For Creatures wanting reason. The noble horse  
That in his fiery youth from his wide nostrills,  
Neign'd courage to his Rider, and brake through  
Groves of oppos'd Pikes, bearing his Lord  
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,  
Was set at libertie, and freed from service,  
The Athenian Mules, that from the Quarrie drew  
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the gods,  
The great works ended, were dismiss'd, and fed  
At the publique cost ; nay, faithfull dogs have found  
Their Sepulchres ; but man to man, more cruell,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave ;  
Since pride steps in and ryot, and o'return'd  
This goodly frame of Concord, teaching Masters  
To glory in the abuse of such, as are  
Brought vnder their command ; who grown unusefull  
Are lesse esteem'd than beasts ; this you have practis'd,  
Practis'd on vs with rigor, this hath forc'd vs  
To shake our heavy yokes off ; and if redresse  
Of these just grievances be not granted vs,  
Wee'll right our selves, and by strong hand defend,  
What we are now possess'd of.  
*Gracc.* And not leave  
One house vnfir'd.  
*Cimb.* Or threat vout of those  
We have in our Power.  
*Polip.* Nor will we fall alone,  
You shall buy vs dearly.  
*Timag.* O, the gods !  
Vnheard of insolence !

*The Bond-man.*

*Timol.* What are your demands?

*Pisand.* A generall pardon, first, for all offences  
Committed in your absence. Liberty  
To all such as desire to make return  
Into their countries; and to those that stay  
A competence of land freely allotted  
To each mans proper use; no Lord acknowledged  
Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wives  
Out of your Families.

*Timag.* Let the City sink first.

*Leoff.* And ruine seize on all, ere we subscribe  
To such conditions.

*Archid.* Caribage, though victorious,  
Could not have forc'd more from us.

*Leoff.* Scale the walls,  
Capitulate after.

*Timol.* He that winnes the top first,  
Shall weare a murall wreath.

*Pisand.* Each to his place. *Exeunt, Flourish & drums.*

Or death or victory; charge them home; and feare not.  
*Timol.* We wrong our selves, and we are justly punish'd,  
To deale with Bond-men, as if we encounter'd  
An equall enemy. *Enter Timol, and Senators.*

*Archid.* They fight like devils;  
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts  
Were proof beyond their armour. *Enter Leoffbens and Timag.*

*Timag.* Make a firm stand:  
The slaves not satisfy'd, they have beat us off,  
Prepare to fall forth.

*Timol.* They are wild beasts,  
And to be tam'd by policie: each man take  
A tough whip in his hand, such as you us'd  
To punish them, as masters; in your looks  
Carry severity, and awe: 'twill fright them  
More than your weapons; salvage Lions fly from  
The sight of fire; and these that have forgot  
That duty you ne're taught them with your swords,  
When unexpected they behold those terrors,  
Advanc'd aloft, that they were made to shake at,  
'Twill force them to remember what they are,  
And

*The Band-man.*

And stoop to due obedience.

*Enter Cimbris, Graculus,*

*Archid.* Here they come.

*and other slaves.*

*Cimb.* Leave not a man alive, a wound is but a flea-biting  
To what we suffer'd being slaves.

*Grac.* O my heart!

*Cimbris* what do we see? the whip! our masters!

*Timag.* Dare you rebell, slaves? *Senators shake their whips,*

*Cimb.* Mercie mercie; when *and they throw away their*  
Shall we hide us from their fury? *weapons, and run off.*

*Grac.* Fly, they follow.

O, we shall be tormented.

*Timol.* Enter with them,

But yet forbear to kill them; still remember

They are part of your wealth, and being disarm'd,

There is no danger.

*Are.* Let us first deliver

Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure

Determine of their punishment.

*Leof.* Friend, to you

I leave the disposition of what's mine:

I cannot think I am safe without your Sister,

She's only worth my thought; and till I see

What she has suffered, I am on the rack,

And Furies my tormenters.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCENE 3.

*Pisander, Timandra.*

*Pisand.* I know, I am persw'd, nor would I flee,

Although the ports were open, and a convoy

Ready to bring me off: the baseness of

These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,

Have thrown me to the bottomless Abyss

Of horror and despair; had they stood firm,

I could have bought *Clodia's* free consent

With the safety of her father's life, and brothers:

And forc'd *Leosthenes* to quit his claim,

And kneel a suitor for me.

*Timand.* You must not think

What might have been, but what must now be persw'd;

And

And suddenly resolve.

*Pisand.* All my poor fortunes  
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.  
Vnlesse, conuey me to *Cleora's* Chambers,  
For in her sight, if it were possible,  
I would be apprehended: do not enquire  
The reason why, but help me.

*Timand.* Make haste, one knocks, *Exit Pisanders.*  
Ioue turn all to the best: you are welcome Sir, *Enter Leoffbmer.*

*Leoff.* Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

*Timand.* Alas Sir,  
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,  
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,  
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,  
Comfort's a stranger to vs.

*Leoff.* Feare's! your sufferings  
For which I am so overgone with griefe,  
I dare not aske without compassionate tears,  
The villaines name that rob'd thee of thy honour;  
For being train'd up in Chastities cold Schoole,  
And taught by such a mistress as *Cleora*,  
'Twere impious in me to think *Timandra*  
Fell with her owne consent.

*Timand.* How meane you, fell, Sir,  
I understand you not.

*Leoff.* I would, thou didst not,  
Or that I could not reade vpon thy face,  
Inblushing characters, the story of  
Libidinous Rape; confesse it, for you stand not  
Accomptable for a sinne, against whose strength  
Your o rematch'd innocence could make no resistance  
Vnder which odds, I know *Cleora* fell too,  
Heau'ns helpe in vaine invoc'd; the amazed Sonne,  
Hiding his face behinde a maske of clouds,  
Not daring to looke on it, in her sufferings  
All sorrowe's comprehended; what *Timandra*,  
Or the Citie has incur'd, her losse consider'd,  
Deserves not to be nam'd.

*Timand.* Pray you doe not bring, Sir,  
In the chyntraces of your jealous feares,

*The Band-man*

New monsters to affright us.

*Leoff. O Timandus,*  
That I had faith enough but to believe that  
I should receive it, with a joy beyond  
Assurance of Elysium (hadst hereafter)  
Or all the blessings in this life a Mother  
Could wish her children crown'd with but I must not  
Credit impossibilities, yet I strive

To find out that, whose knowledge is a curse,  
And ignorance a blessing. Come discover  
What kind of looks he had, that forc'd thy Lady,  
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure)  
That when hereafter I behold a stranger  
But neerer him in aspect, I may conclude  
(Though men and Angels should proclaim him honest)  
He is a hell-bred villain.

*Timand. You are unworthy*  
To know she is preserv'd, preserv'd untainted,  
Sorrow (but only ill bestow'd) hath made  
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.  
Come forth deare Madam.

*Leoff. Ha!*

*Timand. Nay, she deserves*  
The bending of your heart, that to content you  
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vexall  
(Though the infringing it had call'd upon her  
A living funeral) must of force have thrust at  
No danger could compell her to dispench with  
Her cruell penance; though not just came round  
To seize upon her, when one look, or accept  
Might have redeem'd her.

*Leoff. Might? O do not show me*  
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.  
The means, by which she was freed? *Speak, O speak quickly.*  
Each minute of delay's an age of torments.

*O speak, Timandus,*  
*Timand. Free her from her oath,*  
Her selfe can best deliver it.

*Leoff. O blest office!*  
Never did Gally-slave shake off his chains.

The Bondswoman.

Or look'd on his redemption from the Quire,  
 With such true feeling of delight, as now  
 I finde my selfe possess'd of; now I be-  
 True light indeed; For since that fairest Sunne,  
 (Cover'd with cloudes of your detestable will)  
 Denyde their influence to my wretched sense;  
 The Splendor of the Sun appear'd to me,  
 But as some little glimpse of his bright beams  
 Convey'd into a Dungeon; so remember  
 The darke inhabitants there, how much they wanted;  
 Open these long thicke lips, and thus mine eyes  
 With Musick more harmonious, then the Spheres  
 Yeld in their heavenly motions; And if ever  
 A true submission for a crime acknowledged  
 May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue  
 In the first sweet, articulate sounds, it utters  
 To signe my wish'd-for pardon.

*Cleo.* Forgive you.

*Leoff.* How greedily I receive this Stay Best Lady,

And let me by degrees ascend the height  
 Of humane happiness; All at once deliver'd,  
 The torrent of my joyes will overwhelm me;

So now a little more; And pray excuse me,  
 If like a wanton I cannot desire;

The Pleasant taste these cares of comfort yield me,  
 Should not too soone be swallow'd; Have you not

(By your unspotted truth, I doe conjure you  
 To answer truly) suffer'd in your honour;

(By force, I meane, for in your will I see you)  
 Since I left Syria?

*Cleo.* I restore

This kisse, (to helpe me goodnesse) which I borrow'd  
 When I saw you.

*Leoff.* Miracle of vertue

One pawse more, I beseech you, I am like  
 A man whose vitall spirits consum'd, and wasted

With a long and tedious Fever, unto whom  
 Too much of a warme Cordiall at once taken

Brings death, and not restores him. Yet Feare not  
 Fire here: but must enquire the man to whom



I stand indebted for a benefit, which to receive full advantage of, I grasp'd all Scepters that were in my hand. I would leave me a poor Bankrupt, rather than If a mean estate, I be gladly purged with My utmost fortunes to him; but I am loath In thankfull duty studie how to serve him. Or if of higher ranke, erect him to a Throne And (as a god) adore him.

*Cles.* If that goodnesse, And noble temperance (the Queene of vertues) Bridling rebellious passions (to whose fire) Such as have conquer'd him, hee's a true Lover Did ever wing great mindes to fly to heaven. He that preserv'd mine honour, may be able To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off Our fraile corruption.

*Leif.* Forward.

*Cles.* Or if ever,

The powers above did not give in lustre to the stars, To reach mortality, by cold principles Forged as soon as cold, but by examples To imitate their goodness, had draw you To their Celestiall Natures. I believe that Hee's more then man.

*Leif.* You doe describe a wonder.

*Cles.* Which will increase when you shall understand He was a lover.

*Leif.* Not yours, Lady?

*Cles.* Yes,

Lov'd me, *Leif* better; Nay more, so kind, (If cleere affections forming profits desire) May without wrong be said to) that hee durst not With an immodest syllable, or least A word In feare it might take from me, whom hee made The object of his better part, discover I was the Saint, hee's in deed.

*Leif.* A rare temper!

*Cles.* I cannot speake it to the worth. All that I can bestow upon it, will appear

The Bond-man.

Envy and detraction. Not to racke you further, bond-ma-  
Yer make the miracle full, though of all spiritual sorrows or hard W  
He hated you, *Leoff*, in his mylls a river, so? He b. q. 1  
So high yet put downe, that knowing, *Leoff*, you are  
You were a man I favour'd, the didd'ld, of the same nature  
Against himselfe to force you, and I will on your side, *Leoff*, y. M

*Leoff*. You conceale still part of what I have done, I am ready  
The owner of these excellencies, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Cleo*. Tis *Marullo*, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.  
My fishers Bond-man, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Leoff*. Ha, ha, ha, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Cleo*. Why doe you laugh, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Leoff*. To have the labours mounting of your praise, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Deliver'd of a Mouse, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Cleo*. The man deserves not, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

This forme, I can assure you, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Leoff*. Doe you call, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

What was his dutie, merit? *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Cleo*. Yes, and place it, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

As high in my esteem as all the honours, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Descended from your Ancestors, or the glory, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Which you may call your own, got in this action, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

In which I must certify you have done nobly, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

And I could add; As I desire'd that, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

I feare, 'twould make you proud, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Leoff*. Why Lady, can you know, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Be wond' to give allowances, that your slave, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Should dare to love you? *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Cleo*. The Immortall gods, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Accept the meanest Altars, that are rais'd, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

By pure devotions; and sometimes preferre, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

An ounce of Frankincense, hony, or milke, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Before whole *Hierambes*, or *Sabaan Gums*, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Offer'd in ostentation. Are you sicke, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Of you old diseases? I'll fit you, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Leoff*. You seeme mov'd, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*Cleo*. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

Why, good *Leoff*, though I endur'd, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

A penance for your sake, above example, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

I have not so farre sold my selfe, I take it, *Leoff*, you are ready to do it.

*The Bond-man.*

To be at your devotion, but I may  
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.  
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of  
That, which is only yours in expectation?  
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?

*Leoff.* One kisse, and I am silenc'd.

*Cles.* I vouchsafe it;

Yes, I must tell you, 'tis a favour, that  
*Marullo*, when I was his, not mine owne.  
Durst not presume to aske; No, when the Cite  
Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes and lust.  
And when I was of men and gods forsaken,  
Deliver'd to his power, he did not presse me  
To grace him with one look or fillable,  
Or urg'd the dispensation of an oath  
Made for your satisfaction; the poore wretch  
Having related only his owne sufferings,  
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not denie him,  
Defending me from others, never since  
Solicited my favours.

*Leoff.* Pray you, end.

The story does not please me.

*Cles.* Well, take heed

Of doubts, and feares; For know, *Leoffhaves*,  
A greater injury cannot be offer'd  
To innocent chastity, then unjust suspicion.  
I love *Marullo's* pure minde, not his person,  
Let that secure you. And I here command you,  
If I have any power in you, to stand  
Betweene him and all punishment, and oppose  
His temperance to his folly; if you faile —  
No more, I will not threaten.

*Leoff.* What a bridge

Of glasse I walk upon, over a River  
Of certaine ruine: mine owne weighty feares  
Cracking what should support me: And those helps,  
Which confidence yeelds up others are from me  
Rauish'd by doubts, and wilfull jealousie.

*Act.*

The Bond-man.

Act 4. Sc. 1. *Timag.*

*Timagoras, Cleon, Asotus, Carides, Olimpio.*

*Cleon.* But are you sure we are safe?

*Timag.* You need not feare,

They are all vnder guard, their fangs par'd off:

The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cur'd,

With the bilsme of your revenge.

*Asot.* And shall I be

The thing I was borne, my Lord?

*Timag.* The same will thinke;

'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! *Asot.*

Produce'd the like.

*Asot.* I thinke so: Nor the land

Where Apes, and Monkeys grow, like *Crabs* and *Wall-mice*

On the same tree. Nor all the Catalogue

Of Conjurers, or wise women, bound together

Could have so soone transform'd me, as my *Rashtu*

Did with his whip: Not in outside only,

But in my owne beliefe, I thought my selfe

As perfect a Baboone.

*Timag.* An Ass, thou wert ever.

*Asot.* And would have given one legge withall my heart

For good securitie to have beene a man

After three lives, or one and twenty yeeres.

Though I had dy'de on Crouches.

*Cleon.* Never varies

So triumph'd o're an old fat man: I was famish'd;

*Timag.* Indeece you are false away.

*Asot.* Three yeeres of feeding

On Cullises and jelly, though his Cookes

Lard all he eates with marrow, or his doctors

Powre in his mouth Restoratives, as he sleepes

Will not recover him.

*Timag.* But your Ladieship looks

Sad on the matter, as if she had mis'd

Your ten-crowne Amber Poslers, good to smooth

The Cheis, as you call it, and prepare you

Active, and high for an afternoones encounter

With

With a rough gamester, on your couch; *He's not, will be full*  
 You are growne thriflie, smell like other women;  
 The Colledge of Phisicians have not fare,  
 As they were us'd, in counsell how to fill  
 The crannies in your cheekes, or raise a rumpine  
 With Mummy, Ceruses, or Infants fat,  
 To keepe off age, and time.

*Corife.* Pray you, forbear;  
 I am an alter'd woman.

*Tima.* So it seemes;  
 A part of your honours ruffe stands out of ranketoo.

*Corife.* No matter, I have other thoughts,  
*Tima.* O strange!

Not ten dayes since it would have vex'd you more,  
 Then th'losse of your good name; Pity, this cure  
 For your proud itch came no sooner: *Marty, Olympia*  
 Seems to beare up still.

*Olymp.* I complaine nor, Sir,  
 I have borne my fortune patiently.

*Tima.* Then wer't ever  
 An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe.

If you may choofe your carriage: How now friend,  
 Lookes our *Cleora* lovely?

*Leoff.* In my thoughts, Sir. *Enter Leoffthusa and Diphilus with a guard*  
*Tima.* But why this guard?

*Diphi.* It is *Timoleons* pleasure;  
 The slaves have been examin'd, and confesse

Their ryotooke beginning from your house;  
 And the first moover of them to rebellion.

Your slave *Marullo* *Leoff.* Ha! I more, then feare.

*Tima.* They search boldly.

*Timand.* You are vnmaner'd Groomes *Enter Timandra*  
 To pricke into my ladies priuate lodgings;  
 There's no *Marullo's*, there.

*Tima.* Now I suspect too; *Enter Diphilus with psander.*  
 Where found you him?

*Diphi.* Close hid in your sister's Chamber.

*Tima.* Is that the villaines sanctuery?  
*Leoff.* This confirms

*The Bond-man.*

All she deliver'd false, shee may no longer detaine  
*Timag.* But that I scorn, still I will stand by  
To rust my sword in thy slavish blood,  
Thou now wert dead.

*Pisand.* He's more a slave, than Fortune  
Or misery can make me, that insults  
Upon unweapon'd innocence.

*Timag.* Pate you dog?

*Pisa.* Curra snap at Lyons in the toils, whose looks  
Frighted them being free.

*Timag.* As a wild beast,  
Drive him before you.

*Pisand.* O divine *Cleora*!

*Leof.* Dost thou presume to name her?

*Pisand.* Yes; and love her:  
And may say, have deserv'd her.

*Timag.* Stop his mouth: *Exit Guard.*  
Load him with Irons too.

*Cleora.* I am deadly sick,  
To look on him.

*Asot.* If he get loose, I know it,  
I caper, like an Ape, again: I feel  
The whip already.

*Timand.* This goes to my Lady.

*Timag.* Come, cheere Sir, was I large his punishment  
To the full satisfaction of your anger.

*Leof.* He is not worth my thoughts: No corner left,  
In all the spacious roomes of my vex'd heart,  
But is fill'd with *Cleora*: And shee says  
She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,  
The heavey burthen of my sorrowes song. *Exeunt.*

*ACT. 5. SCENE 1.*

*Archidamus, Cleora.*

*Archid.* Thou art thine own disposer. Were his honours  
And glories centupled; (as I must confesse,  
*Leofthanes* is most worthy) yet I will not.

How ever I may counsaile, spare affection.

*Cleora.* It needs not Sir, I prize him to his worth.

Nay,



*The Dumb-man.*

Nay, love him truly, yet would not live slav'd  
To his jealous humours: Since by the hopes of heaven,  
As I am free from violence, in a thought  
I am not guilty.

*Archid.* 'Tis believ'd *Cleora*;

And much the rather, (our great gods be pleas'd for't)  
In that I finde beyond my hopes, no signs  
Of riot in my house, but all things order'd,  
As if I had beene present.

*Cleo.* May that move you  
To pity poore *Marullus*.

*Archid.* 'Tis my purpose

To doe him all the good I can, *Cleora*;  
But this offence being against the State,  
Must have a publique trial. In the meane time  
Be carefull of your selfe, and stand ingag'd  
No farther to *Leaffbenes*, then you may  
Come off with honour: For, being once his wife,  
You are no more your owne, nor mine, but must  
Resolve to serve, and suffer his commands,  
And not dispute 'em: I've beene too late,  
Consider it duly. I must to the Senate. *Exit Archid.*

*Cleora.* I am much distracted; in *Leaffbenes*  
I can finde nothing justly to accuse,  
But this excesse of love, which I have studied  
To cure with more then common meanes, yet still  
It growes vpon him. And if I may call  
My sufferings merit, I stand bound to thinke on  
*Marullus* dangers; though I live his life,  
His love is vnrewarded; I possesse  
Both have deserv'd me, yet of force must be  
Vnjust to one? such is my destiny. *Enter Timandra*  
How now? whence flows these teares?

*Timand.* I have met, Madam,  
An object of such cruelty, it would force  
A Salvage to compassion.

*Cleo.* Speake, what is it?

*Timan.* Men pity beasts of rapine, if o're-matched  
Though bayted for their pleasure, but these monsters  
Vpon a man, that can make no resistance,

The Bond-man.

Are senseless in their tyranny? Let it be granted;  
*Marullo* is a slave, his still a man;  
 A capitall offender, yet in justice  
 Not to be tortur'd, till the Iudge pronounce  
 His punishment.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Timand.* Drag'd to prison

With more then barbarous violence, spurn'd and spit on  
 By the insulting officers, his hands  
 Pinion'd behinde his backe: loaden with fetters  
 Yet, with a Saint-like patience, he still offers  
 His face to their rude buffers.

*Cleo.* O my griev'd soule!

By whose command?

*Timand.* It seems, my Lord your brother,

For hee's a looker on: and it takes from  
 Honour'd *Leofbenes* to suffer us  
 For his respect to you, whose name in vaine  
 The griev'd wretch loudly esteems.

*Cleo.* By *Diana*,

'Tis base in both, and to their teeth I'll tell 'em  
 That I am wrong'd in't.

*Timand.* What will ye doe?

*Cleo.* In person

Visit, and comfort him.

*Timand.* That will bring fewell

To the jealous fires, which burne too hot already  
 In Lord *Leofbenes*.

*Cleo.* Let them consume him;

I am Mistris of my selfe. Where Cruelty reignes,  
 There dwells not love, nor honour.

*Timand.* So, it works.

Though hitherto I have run a desperate course  
 To serve my brothers purposes, now 'tis fit,

I study mine own ends. They come, Assist me

In these my undertakings, Loves great Patron,  
 As my intents are honest.

*Leof.* 'Tis my fault.

Distrust from others springs, *Timagoras*,  
 From diffidence in our selves. But I will Arive,

With

*The Bond-man.*

With the assurance of my worth, and merits;  
To kill this monster, jealousy.

*Timag.* 'Tis a ghost

In wisdoms never to be entertain'd  
On trivial probabilities, but when  
He does appear in pregnant proofes, not fashion'd  
By idle doubts and feares, to be receiv'd,  
They make their owne homes, that are too secure,  
As well as such as give them growth, and being  
From meer imagination. Though I prize  
*Cleora's* honour equall with mine owne;  
And know what large additions of power  
This match brings to our family; I preferre  
Our friendship, and your peace of minde so farre  
Above my owne respects, or hers, but if  
She hold not her true value in the rest,

'Tis farre from my ambition for her cure,  
That you should wound your selfe.

*Timand.* This argues from me,

*Timag.* Why she should be so passionate for a Bond-  
Falls not in compasse of my understanding,  
But for some neerer interest: or he raise  
This mutiny, if he lov'd her (as you say,  
Shee does confesse, he did) but to enjoy  
By faire or foule play, what he ventur'd for,  
To mee's a Riddle.

*Leof.* 'Pray you, no more; already  
I have answer'd that objection in my strong  
Assurance of her vertue.

*Timag.* 'Tis unfit then,  
That I should presse it further.

*Timand.* Now I must  
Make in, or all is lost.

*Timag.* What would *Timandra*?

*Leof.* How wilde she lookes? How is it with thy Lady?

*Timag.* Collect thy selfe, and speake.

*Timand.* As you are noble,  
Have pittie or love pietie. Oh!

*Leof.* Take breath.

*Timag.* Out with it boldly.

*The Bond-man.*

*Timag.* O, the best of Ladies,  
I fear, is gone for ever.

*Leoff.* Who, Cleora?

*Timag.* Deliver, how. "Death be a man, Sir, speak."

*Timand.* Take it then in as many sighs, as words  
My Lady.

*Timag.* What of her?

*Timand.* No sooner heard,

*Marullo* was imprison'd, but she fell  
Into a deadly swoone.

*Timag.* But she recover'd.

Say so, or he will sinke too, hold, Sir, he  
This is unmanly.

*Timand.* Brought againe to life:

But with much labour; she a while stood silent,

Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if

They labour'd from the prison of her flesh,

To give her griev'd soule freedome. On the sodaine

Transported on the wings of rage, and sorrow,

She flew out of the house, and untended

Enter'd the common prison.

*Leoff.* This confirms

What but before I fear'd,

*Timand.* - There you may finde her,

And if you love her as a sister.

*Timag.* Damme her.

*Timand.* Or you respect her father, as a lover

Procure *Marullo's* libertie

*Timag.* Impudence

Beyond expression.

*Leoff.* Shall I be a Bawd

To her lust, and my dishonour?

*Timand.* Shee'll runne mad else,

Or doe some violent act upon her life.

My Lord her father, sensible of her sufferings,

Labours to gaine his freedome:

*Leoff.* O, the Divell!

Has she bewitch'd him too?

*Timan.* I'll heare no more,

Come, Sir, wee'll follow her, and if no perswasion

Can make her take againe her naturall forme,  
Which by lusts powerfull spell she has cast off,  
This Sword shall dis-inchant her.

*Leof.* O my heart-strings! *Exeunt Leof and Timagoras*

*Timand.* I knew, twould take. Pardon me, faire *Cleas*,

Though I appeare a traytresse, which thou wilt doe.

In pity of my woes, when I make knowne

May lawfull claime, and on my *Leof* mine orine.

*Act. 5. Sc. 1.*

*Cleas, Taylor, and Pisand.*

*Cleas.* There's for your privacy. *Stay, vntill hee hande.*

*Taylor.* I dare not, Madam.

*Cleas.* I will buy thy danger.

Take more gold, doe not trouble me with thanks.

I doe suppose it done.

*Pisand.* My better Angell

Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely.

Since from the choise of all celestiall figures,

He could not take a visible forme to fill

Of glorious sweetnesse.

*Cleas.* Rise. I am flesh and bloody,

And doe pertrake thy tortures.

*Pisand.* Can it bee?

That charity should perswade you to discend

So farre from your owne height, as to vouchsafe

To looke upon my sufferings? How I beseech

My setters now, and stand inaged to fortune

For my captivity, no, my freedom rather

For who dares thinke that place a Prison, which

You sanctifie with your presence? or belov'd

Sorrow has power to vntie him on him

That is in your compassion arm'd, and made

Impregnable? though tyranny rule at once

All engines to assault him.

*Cleas.* Indeed vertue,

With which you have made evident proofes, that you

Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken

With the shocke of fierie temptations, but full triumph

In spite of opposition, For my selfe  
I may endeavour to confirme your goodnesse,  
(A sure retreat which never will deceive you)  
And with unfeigned teares expresse my sorrow  
For what I cannot helpe

*Pisand.* Doe you weepe for me? *For what I cannot helpe*  
O save that precious time for noble uses,  
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,  
Which in your prodigality of pity  
You throw away on me. Tenne of these pearles  
Were a large ranfome to redeeme a kingdome  
From a consuming plague, or stop heavens vengeance  
Call'd down by crying sinners, though at that instant  
In dreadfull flashes falling on the rookes  
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd  
For my intemperate violence to such purenesse;  
And all the tormentes flesh is sensible of  
A soft and gentle penance.

*Cleora.* Which is ended  
In this your free confession. *Enter Leosthenes and Timagoras*  
*Leost.* What an object  
Have I encountered?  
*Timag.* I am blasted too  
Yet heare a little further  
*Pisand.* Could I expire now,  
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes thus  
Twere not to die but in a heavenly durance  
To be transported, without the helpe of *Charon*  
To the Elizian shades. You make me hold  
And but to wish such happinesse, I dare  
May give offence.

*Cleo.* No, for, helpeus, *Marnilla*,  
You have wonne so much upon me, that I know not  
That happinesse is my gift, but you my challenge.  
*Leost.* Are you yett mislead?  
*Cleo.* Nor can you wish.  
But what my vowes will second, though it were  
Your freedome first, and then in me full power  
To make a second tender of my selfe,  
And you receive the present. By this list

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(From me a virgin bounty) I will practise all the  
All arts of your deliverance; and that purchas'd, I will  
In what concerns your farther aymes, I speak it,  
Do not despise, but hope.

*Timag.* To have the Hangman,  
When he is married to the crosse, in home,  
To say, gods give you joy.

*Leoff.* But looke on me,  
And be not too indulgent to your folly,  
And then (but that griefe stops my speech) imagine,  
What language I should use.

*Cleo.* Against thy selfe.  
Thy malice cannot reach me.

*Timag.* How?  
*Cleo.* So, brother;

Though you joyne in the Dialogue to accuse me,  
What I have done: I'll justifie; and these favours,  
Which you presume will taint me in my honour:  
Though jealousie use all her eyes to spie out  
One stayn in my behaviour, or Envy  
As many tongues to wound it; shall appear  
My best perfections. For to the world  
I can in my defence alledge such reasons,  
As my accusers shall stand dumbe to heare 'em,  
When in his fetters this mans worth and vertues  
But truly told shall shame your boasted glories,  
Which fortune claimes a share in.

*Timag.* The base villaine  
Shall never live to heare it. *Enter Archid. Diphilus,*  
*Cleo.* Murder, helpe, *and officers.*

Through who you shall passe to him.

*Archid.* What's the matter?  
On whom is your sword drawne? are you a judge?  
Or else ambitious of the hangmans office  
Before it be design'd you? you are bold too,  
Vnhand my daughter.

*Leoff.* Shee's my valour's prize.

*Archid.* With her consent not otherwise. You may use  
Your title in the Court; if it prove good,  
Possesse her freely: Guard him safely off too.

*Timag.*

*Timag.* You'll hear me, Sir? *(Exit Timag.)*  
*Archid.* If you have ought to say  
 Deliver it in publike; all shall finde  
 A just iudge of *Timoleon*.

*Diphil.* You must  
 Offorce now vie your patience. *(Exit Timag.)*  
*Timag.* Vengeance rather,  
 Whirle-windes of rage possesse me; you are wrong'd  
 Beyond a Stoicque suffrance, yet you stand  
 As you were rooted.

*Leost.* I feele something here,  
 That boldly tells me, all the love and service  
 I pay *Cleora*, is anothers due,  
 And therefore cannot prosper.

*Timag.* Melancholy,  
 Which now you must not yeeld to.  
*Leost.* 'Tis apparent.

In fact your sister innocent, however  
 Chang'd by her violence will

*Timag.* If you believe so  
 Follow the chase still; And in open court  
 Plead your owne interest; we shall finde the Iudge

Our friend I feare not.  
*Leost.* Something I shall say,  
 But what —

*Timag.* Collect your selfe, he will be wile

ACT. 5. Sc. 1. *Thema.*

*Timoleon, Archidamius, Cleon, Officers.*

*Time.* 'Tis wondrous strange how man it fall within  
 The reach of my beliefe, a slave should be  
 The owner of a temperance, which this age  
 Can hardly paralell in free borne Lords  
 Or Kings proud of their people.

*Archid.* 'Tis most true,  
 And though at first it did appeare false,  
 All circumstances seeme to give it credit  
 Which work so on me, that I am compell'd  
 To be a Tutor, not be deny'd.

He

*The Bond-man.*

He may have equall hearing.

*Cleon.* Sir, you grac'd mee  
With the title of your Mistrisse, but my fortune  
Is so farre distant from command, that I  
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly  
For the preserver of my name and honour.  
And pray you, Sir, in charity beleeve,  
That since I had ability of speech,  
My tongue has so much beene iur'd to truth,  
I know not, how to lye.

*Timol.* I'll rather doubt  
The Oracles of the gods, then question, what  
Your innocence delivers; and as farre  
As justice with mine honour can give way,  
He shall have favour. Bring him in, unbound: *Exeunt Officers.*  
And although *Leosthenes* may challenge from me,  
For his late worthy service, credit to  
All things he can alledge in his owne cause,  
*Marnio* (so I thinke you call his name)  
Shall finde, I doe reserve one eare for him,  
To let in mercy. Sit and take your places; *Enter Cleon, Asotus*  
The right of this faire virgin first determin'd, *Diphilus, Olimpia,*  
Your Bond-men shall be censur'd. *Corisca.*

*Cleon.* With all rigour  
We doe expect.

*Coris.* Temper'd, I say, with mercie. *Enter at one dore*

*Timol.* Your hand *Leosthenes*: I cannot doubt *Leosthenes* *Timol.*  
You that have bin victorious in the war, *magoras, as the*  
Should in a combat fought with words come off, *other Officers*  
But with assured triumph. *with Pisander*

*Leost.* My deserts, Sir,  
(If without arrogance I may stile them such)  
Arme me from doubt, and feare. *and Timandra.*

*Timol.* 'Tis nobly spoken:  
Nor be thou daunted (bow downe thy fortune  
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speake thy merits?  
For vertue though in raggs may challenge more  
Then vice set off with all the trimme of greatnesse.

*Pisand.* I had rather fall under so just a judge,  
Then be acquitted by a man corrupt

*The Bond-man.*

And partiall in his censure.

*Archid.* Note his language,  
It relishes of better breeding than  
His present state dares promise.

*Timol.* Obserue it.

Place the faire Lady in the midst, that both  
Looke with covetous eyes upon the prize  
They are to plead for, may from the faire object,  
Teach *Hermes* eloquence.

*Leof.* Am I fall'n so lowe,  
My birth, my honour, and what's dearest to me,  
My love, and witnesse of my love, my service,  
So under-valew'd, that I must contend  
With one, where my excesse of glory must  
Make his o'rethrow a conquest? shall my fulnesse  
Supply defects in such a thing that never  
Knew any thing but want and emptinesse?  
Give him a name, and keepe it farr from this  
Vnequall competition? If my pride  
Or any bold assurance of my worth,  
Has pluck'd this mountaine of disgrace upon me,  
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if  
I have beene modest, and esteem'd my selfe  
More injur'd in the tribute of the praise,  
Which no desert of mine priz'd by self-love  
Ever exacted; may this cause, and minute  
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long  
Vpon mine anger, and now turne to you  
Ingratefull faire one; and since you are such,  
'Tis lawfull for me to proclaime my selfe,  
And what I have deserv'd.

*Cleo.* Neglect, and scorne  
From me for this proud vaunt.

*Leof.* You nourish, Lady  
Your owne dishonour in this harsh replie,  
And almost prove what some hold of your sex.  
You are made up of passion. For if reason  
Or judgment could finde entertainment with you,  
Or that you would distinguish of the objects  
You looke on in a true glasse, not seduc'd

*The Bond-man.*

By the false light of your too violent will,  
I should not neede to plead for that, which you  
With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish  
Or does my wealth, which all the vaine expence  
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?  
The honours I can call mine own, thought scandal  
Am I deform'd, or for my fathers sinnes  
Murthered by nature? if you interpret these  
As crimes, tis fit I should yeeld up my selfe  
Most miserably guilty. But perhaps  
(Which yet I would not credit) you have seene  
This gallant, pitch the harpe, or beare a burthen  
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bond-man  
Or any other boistrous exercise,  
Assuring a strong back to sacrifice  
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.

*Cleo.* You are foule mouth'd.

*Archid.* Ill manner'd too.

*Leof.* I speake

In the way of supposition, and incite you  
With all the fervor of a constant lover,  
That you would free your self from these aspersions  
Or any imputation black tongu'd Slander  
Could throw on your unspotted virgin-whitenesse;  
To which there is no easier way, then by  
Vouchsafing him in your favour; him, to whom  
Next to the Generall, and the gods, and sutors,  
The countrie owes her safetie.

*Timag.* Are you stupid?  
Slight leape into his armes, and there aske pardon  
O, you expect your slaves reply; no doubt  
We shall have a fine oration; I will teach  
My Spanieli to howle in sweeter language,  
And keepe a better method.

*Archid.* You forget.  
The dignitie of the place.

*Diph.* Silence.

*Timag.* Speake boldly.

*Pisand.* 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,  
I should be dumbe else; and I am secure,

*The Bond-man.*

I cannot cloath my thoughts, and just defence  
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appeare  
Equall, if not above my lowe condition.  
I need no bombast language, stolbe from such  
As make Nobilitie from prodigious termes  
The hearers understand not; I bring with me  
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number  
Vncertaine fortunes favours, with my merits  
I dare not force affection, or presume  
To censure her discretion, that looks on me  
As a weake man; and not her fancies Idoll  
How I have lov'd, and how much I have suffer'd,  
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen  
Of my ambitious hopes (in aiming at  
The glad possession of a happiness  
The abstract of all goodnesse in mankinde  
Can at no part deserve) with my confession  
Of mine owne wants, is all that can plead for me.  
But if that pure desires, not blended with  
Foule thoughts, that like a River keeps his course  
Retaining still the cleerenesse of the spring,  
From whence itooke beginning, may be thought  
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up  
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never  
Durst doubt her constancie, that like a rocke  
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury  
Of the proud waves; nor from my jealous feares  
Question that goodnesse, to which as an altar  
Of all perfection, he hath truly lov'd  
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,  
Then raze it with the engines of suspicion;  
Of which when he can wash an *Asiops* white,  
*Leosthenes* may hope to free himselfe  
But till then never.

*Timag.* Bold presumptuous villaine.

*Pisand.* I will go farther, and make good upon him  
In the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,  
Her's more unworthy, then my selfe.

*Leost.* Thou lyest.

*Timag.* Confute him with a whippe, and the doubt decided,  
Punish



Punish him with a halter.

*Pisand.* O the gods!

My ribs, though made of Brasse can not containe

My heart swolne big with rage. The lye! Whip? *Flack of his*

Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which

I long have mask'd disguis'd, that when they know,

Whom they have injur'd, they may faint with horror

Of my revenge, which wretched men expect,

As sure as fate to suffer.

*Leoff.* Ha! *Pisander!*

*Timag.* 'Tis the bold Theban

*Afor.* There's no hope for me then:

I thought I should have put in for a share,

And borne *Cleora* from them both; but now

This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not

So much as looke on her.

*Pisand.* Now as my selfe,

Thy equall, at thy best, *Leoffherer.*

For you *Timagerus*; praise heav'n, you were *horne*

*Cleora's* brother, 'tis your faith armour

But I loose time. The battle is upon me,

I thus returne: thou art a perjur'd man,

Falſe and perfidious: and hast made a render

Of love, and service to this Lady; when

Thy soule (if thou hast any) can beare witnesse,

That thou wert not thine owne. For prooffe of this

Looke better on this virgin, and consider

This Persian shape laid by, and this appealing

In a Greekiſh dresse, such as when first you saw her

If she resemble not *Pisander's* sister:

One, call'd *Stratilla*?

*Leoff.* 'Tis the same! my guilt

So chokes my spirits: I cannot denie

My falſhood; nor excuse it.

*Pisand.* This is she

To whom thou wert contracted: this the Lady

That when thou wert my prisoner fairly taken

In the *Spartan* warre, that beg'd thy libertie,

And with it gave her selfe to thee ingratefull

*Timand.* No more, *Stratilla*, you, I perceive

True sorrow in his lookes, and a consent  
To make me reparation in mine honour,  
And then I am most happy.

*Pisand.* The wrong done her,  
Drew me from *Thebes* with a full intent to kill thee;  
But this false object, met me in my way;  
And quite dissuad me, being deny'd to have her;  
By you my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able  
To live farre from her, love (the mistrife of  
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat  
With a friend of mine, who as a Pirate sold me  
For a slave to you my Lord, and gave my sister  
As a present to *Cleora*.

*Timol.* Strange *Meanders*!  
*Pisand.* There how I bare my self needs no relation,  
But if so farre descending from the height  
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest  
Condition of a man, to have means only  
To feed my eye, with the sight of what I honour'd,  
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings;  
The cleerenesse of my interest may deserve  
A noble recompence in your lawfull favour.  
Now tis apparent that *Leophras*  
Can claime no interest in you; you may please  
To thinke upon my service.

*Cleo.* Sir, my want  
Of power to satisfie so great a debt,  
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that  
Out of the bountie of your minde, you thinke,  
A free surrender of my selfe full payment,  
I gladly tender it.

*Archid.* With my consent too  
All injuries forgotten.

*Timag.* I will studie  
In my future service to deserve your favour  
And good opinion.

*Leophr.* Thus I gladly see  
This advocate to plead for me.

*Pisand.* You will find me  
An easie judge, when I have yielded reasons

*The Bond-man.*

Of your Bond-mens falling off from their obedience,  
And after, as you please, determine of me.  
I found their natures apt to surmise  
From your too cruell usages, and made triall  
How farr they might be wrought on, to instruct you  
To looke with more prevention, and care  
To what they may hereafter undertake  
Vpon the like occasions. The hurt's little  
They have committed, nor was ever cure  
But with some paine effected. I confesse  
In hope to force a grace offaire *Clara*  
I urg'd them to defend the Towne against you;  
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that  
I was preparing of defence else-where,  
So soone got entrance; in this I am guiltie,  
Now as you please, your censure.

*Timol.* Bring them in,  
And though you have given me power, I do inter-  
Such as have undergone their insolence.  
It may not be offensive though I study  
Pitty more then revenge.

*Caris.* 'Twill best become you.

*Clara.* I must consent.

*Aset.* For me, I'll finde a time  
To be reveng'd hercasen.

*Graculo, Cimbris, Palipbron, Zanthia, and the  
rest with Fluters.*

*Grace.* Give me leave,  
Ile speake for all.

*Timol.* What canst thou say to hinder  
The course of justice?

*Grace.* Noching. You may see  
We are prepar'd for hanging, and confesse  
We have deserv'd it. Our most humble suite is  
We may not twice be executed.

*Timol.* 'Twice? how meanest thou!  
At the Gallowes first, and after in a Ballad (Rimers  
Sung to some villanous tune. There are ten-groat-

About

About the Tower, and the Church, and the Church  
 Let but a Chappell here, or a Church here  
 A foolish liver here, and a foolish liver  
 Or any such like, and here, and here  
 They are said to be, and here, and here  
 Which makes their ghostly souls, and here, and here  
 For the redress of this, and here, and here  
 'Twas done by my advice, and for my part  
 I'll cut as cleane a scape from the Ladder  
 As ever merry Greek did

*Tim.* Yes I think  
 You would show more civility to delight  
 Your masters for pardon.

*Grave.* O, I would dance  
 As I were all ayre, and sing

*Tim.* And ever be  
 Obedient and humble

*Grave.* As his Excellency  
 Though he kick me for ever, and the like  
 I promise for all the rest

*Tim.* Rise then, you have it.  
 All slaves, Timon, Timon

*Tim.* Cease these clamors.  
 And now the warre being ended to our wishes

And such as wax the pilgrimage of love, and here, and here  
 Happy in full fruition of their hopes,

'Tis lawfull thanks to the powers divine  
 To drowne our cares in milk, and Wine.

*Exeunt.*

**FINIS.**